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THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?—*St. Matthew* xvi, 26.

SOME malicious wight has ventured to call this age the *sæculum humbuggianum;* but we greatly prefer to call it the age of enlightenment. This latter epithet, besides being vastly more polite and fashionable, is, at the same time, perhaps more nearly connected with the truth. True, we have empiricism in every thing: in medicine, in science, in politics, and even in religion! The empiric deals not only in quack medicines and in political *legerdemain*, but also in the once hallowed tenets of a holy religion! Our modern mountebanks feast us on Millerism and Mormonism, as well as on Fourierism and mesmerism, to say nothing of a thousand and one other new-fangled notions and *isms.* When the wisest of men said, "there is nothing new under the sun," he could scarcely have directed his prophetic vision to our *enlightened* age! We have certainly hit upon some *new* things, which would have greatly astonished and startled even Solomon himself.

Still our confidence in this being an enlightened age is not at all shaken. The extravagances to which we have just alluded, are but exceptions to the general spirit of our age. Enlightenment is the rule; empiricism the exception. The latter is a superabundant growth on a rich and fertile soil. The noxious weeds with their wild luxuriance may cumber the ground uselessly; but they can not wholly choke the many healthy and goodly plants which flourish thereon. And it may be that by a judicious system of cultivation we may finally succeed in plucking out the evil weeds altogether, and in causing the goodly plants to shoot forth their branches, and to yield their abundant fruits for the healing of the nations, without let or hindrance.

Yes, we are free to avow the belief that ours *is* an enlightened age. In a certain point of view, the present is far in advance of any preceding age. As far as mere earthly interests and comforts are concerned, we can boast of great improvements over our more simple and unsophisticated ancestors. All the *useful* arts have attained a perfection never dreamed of by them even in their wildest reveries. In

navigation, in commerce, and in ship-building; in warlike accoutrements and in naval equipments; in the facilities of intercourse both by sea and by land; and in all the appliances of domestic comfort; we are immeasurably ahead of our forefathers in all past ages. We travel a thousand miles now in a shorter time, and with more comfort, than our ancestors did a hundred; we traverse the ocean with as much facility as they did any arm of the sea, or an inland lake. By the invention of steam navigation and the great improvements recently made therein, we have almost succeeded in annihilating time and space. We have brought the whole world into close and intimate correspondence. The old and new worlds, once separated by an almost impassable gulf, are now brought almost into contact. The most ordinary articles of our daily consumption, such as spice, pepper, and tea, are brought from the very antipodes; and, in return, we spread out before the antipodes our own products. Thus the very extremities of the globe are made near to each other; and the children of the earth inhabiting the remotest boundaries thereof are brought together, and associate as brethren of the same great family.

Still we are not satisfied. We are always in a restless fever of agitation and excitement. We forget what is past, and we bend forward to what is future. Past discoveries, great and magnificent as they are, are all counted as nothing; we anticipate something much more brilliant in the future. The surface of society is like that of the ocean lashed into foamy billows by the winds of heaven. But, unlike the sea, we are never at rest. The great characteristic of the age is PROGRESS. We must progress in every thing; in the arts, in the sciences, in legislation, in philosophy, and even in religion! We are always looking restlessly *ahead*. Inventions, which once dazzled the world with their brilliancy and promise of usefulness, have been long since superseded and forgotten. The cumbrous and imperfect steamboat machinery of Blasco de Garay and of Biāncas has been superseded by the more simple and manageable apparatus of Fulton; while this too, in its turn, has given way to the more available methods suggested by recent discoveries.

Little did even Fulton dream of the wonderful extent to which his discovery, or rather improvement, would be rendered available for the purposes of manufactories, of land travel, of navigation, and of naval warfare. Little did the Italian priest Galvani think, while experimenting on frogs with his metallic plates, that he was laying the foundations of a science which, at no distant period, would be applied to the instantaneous transmission of intelligence between the most remote points, and, perhaps, to the purposes of machinery and navigation. Still less, we are quite sure, did the simple-minded Italian suspect that the notable science (!) of animal magnetism would be built up on this discovery! Little did the first inventors of the noble art of printing imagine the amazing progress which their simple invention would soon make in the world, and the wonders to be achieved by the steam and the power press. And little did any among the earlier harbingers of science dream of the beautiful discovery of Daguerre, by which the rays of the sun are caught in their rapid progress towards the earth, and are made to subserve the purposes of the pictorial art, without the aid of either the brush, the pencil, or the coloring material of the painter!

All these and many others are the triumphs of modern art and science. And yet, as we have already said, we are not all content with our present improvements. We rush forward in the career of discovery with the speed of one of our own steamboats or locomotives; and we make almost as much noise, and give out almost as much smoke, in our progress. Puff! puff!! puff!!! is our watch-word, and the token of our progress. This is the age of *puffing*, no less than of progress. With us every thing goes by steam. The steam engine is the characteristic and the most appropriate emblem of our age. We have made amazing progress in every thing; we know it and *feel* it; and we wish others also to know it and to feel it. And if others should not know it and feel it, it will surely be for no want of boasting on our parts. Our fourth-of-July orators and itinerant lecturers; our pulpit orators and our rostrum haranguers; our pamphleteers and our reviewers; have heralded forth this fact so often and so loudly, that surely the world must be very deaf and stupid indeed not to have found out by this time, that we *are* a great and enlightened people, and that ours *is* peculiarly the age of enlightenment. Never, since the world began, has the saying of the inspired

apostle been more fully or more strikingly verified;—"*scientia inflat*, knowledge puffeth up." And at no former period of the world was the accompanying warning of the apostle more appropriate or more needed: "if any man thinketh that he knoweth any thing, he hath not yet known as he ought to know."* Our knowledge is great, but our self-glorification is greater. Our science is inflated and vain-glorious in the extreme. We have not yet learned the noble modesty of Socrates, who, after having devoted a long life and a vigorous intellect to moral and scientific pursuits, said when near the close of his career: "*hoc unum scio, me scire nihil;* this one thing I do know, that I know nothing."

Now, we do not at all object to this spirit of progress so characteristic of our age; we applaud it rather, if it be kept within its appropriate limits. We merely rebuke its extravagances and its excesses. These are mainly reducible to two classes: first, an application of the doctrine of progress to religion and to heavenly things; and secondly an almost total forgetfulness of religion and of heavenly things in the all-absorbing interest which the mind is made to take in the things of this earth. We will devote this paper to a brief consideration of these two leading errors of modern society; and if our humble efforts should contribute even ever so little to the awakening of public attention to a subject of vast and paramount importance, and if they should even slightly contribute to the more healthy development of the great principle of progress, we shall not have labored wholly in vain. We will endeavor, then, to show that modern society is grievously wrong in one or both of two ways:

1. In its application of the doctrine of progress to religion and to heavenly things.

2. In its almost total forgetfulness of religion and of heavenly things in the all-absorbing interest which it takes in the comparatively paltry things of this earth.

I. That there is in our age a strong tendency to bring down the noble and sublime truths of religion to the low level of mere earthly knowledge, we think no impartial and philosophic observer of the signs of our times will or can deny. That this tendency is entirely wrong; that it is founded on very imperfect or erroneous notions of religion; and that it debases and degrades religion, we think equally undeniable. That it is fraught with danger, and that it has already produced the most lamentable results, a mere glance at the leading features of modern society will be sufficient to prove. We can not in any other way explain the extensive prevalence of unbelief among us; nor can we otherwise account for the mischievous theories which have been broached and received with favor, if not with avidity, by large masses of our population. There is surely something grievously wrong *some where;* and we will endeavor briefly to point out the wrong and its remedy.

The wrong lies precisely where we have located it;—in the vain attempt to estimate heavenly things by a mere earthly standard; the remedy consists in a counter movement, embracing a return to sounder principles of reasoning. Religion is something apart from, and immeasurably above, mere human speculation and knowledge; it treats of God, of heavenly things, of eternity. It is the embodiment of divine wisdom; of principles and truths unfolding the nature and attributes of God himself, and his manifestations in time to his creatures. To know and to estimate aright the things of God, we must have God himself for our teacher, or at least some one authorized and commissioned by *him* to teach us in *his* name, and with *his* unerring truth. Any other teacher would be wholly imcompetent to the task; because any other might be mistaken and might mislead us fatally. The truths of religion rest not on mere human speculation, or theory, or science; they rest on a *fact;*—that God himself has so declared and so spoken in his revelation to man. The Lord hath spoken; let the earth be silent, and let men listen with reverent awe:—such is the principle upon which alone we can learn religion aright and with certainty. To attempt to learn it in any other way, would betray a woful ignorance of the first elements of religion, and would mislead us in a thousand ways.

To pretend that we can find out what religion is by mere unaided human reason, is about as wise as would be the pretension of the mountebank who would promise to light up the heavens of a dark night with a mere rush-light! Such a pretension forcibly reminds us of the beautiful allegorical incident related by St. Augustine. This greatest man of his

* 1 Corinth. viii, 1, 2.

age tells us that, when he was once walking on the sea shore, he observed a man very busily engaged in dipping up the water of the sea and pouring it into a small basin which he had excavated in the sand of the beach. To the holy doctor's inquiry as to the object which prompted this singular conduct, the simple peasant replied that he meant to dry up the sea by emptying its waters into the little cavity! St. Augustine smiled at his simplicity, but turned the incident to account in his writings against the Manicheans and other unbelievers of his day.

Our modern philosophers are attempting to do precisely what that foolish peasant fancied he could accomplish;—they would fain make the immense and boundless and unfathomable ocean of God's truth pass through the narrow and shallow basin of their own reason! They apply the principles of human science to religion with as much confidence as they apply algebra to geometry. With them religion is to be estimated only by human knowledge. The inflated doctrine of human progress is the starting point; religion is the conclusion reached. Science is every thing; religion is almost nothing: at least, science is the principal thing; religion is but a secondary consideration, an adjunct, a corollary.

Those things in religion are readily admitted, which human science can understand or demonstrate; those are rejected, which human science is pleased to reject. Whatsoever doctrines of revelation appear to them to promote human knowledge and to aid human progress, are received with applause and hailed with delight; whatever wars against human pride, is painful to human sensuality, or is humbling to human reason, is rejected with scorn. Mysteries can not be fathomed or understood; therefore mysteries must be rejected. It matters not that there are thousands of mysteries in this lower world both around and within us; mysteries which all agree in admitting, without being able to understand or explain them; it matters not how strong may be the evidence which establishes the *fact* that God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived, *has revealed* those same mysteries; they will not believe them, because they can not understand them! Thus, certain astronomers could not prove the existence of God *mathematically; therefore*, they sagely concluded the existence of God is at best but problematical! Thus, also, certain learned *Christian* philosophers can not, for the life of them, understand the nature or utility of the great revealed doctrines of the trinity, the incarnation, the atonement, the real presence, &c.; *therefore*, all these must go by the board! These wise men might as well blot out the myriads of twinkling stars from the firmament, under the pretence that they can not understand the utility of so many bodies in our system! And they might exclaim with their prototype Judas Iscariot: *ut quid perditio hæc;* why this sad waste of light?

There is something radically wrong in all this line of reasoning. Those who adopt it begin at the wrong end of the argument, and reason backwards. Instead of reasoning from high to low, from heaven to earth, they reason from low to high, from earth to heaven. Instead of raising up the earth to the lofty standard of heaven, they would fain bring down heaven to the low standard of earth. Puffed up with the pride of learning and with the windy spirit of the age, they would, like Lucifer of old, raise themselves up to the very heavens of God, and either seek to place themselves on a level with the Eternal himself, or to bring down the Eternal to their own low position. With Lucifer they say, in the pride of their hearts: "I will ascend into heaven, and I will exalt my throne above the stars of God. . . . . I will ascend above the clouds; I will be like the Most High."* Would that they did but remember Lucifer's fall, that they might learn to *beware!* Would that they did but place a lower and more just estimate on themselves, and a higher estimate on God and on heavenly things! Weak, erring, and short-sighted as they are, would that they could but learn a little more modesty in inquiring into things infinitely above themselves, and entirely beyond the range of their imperfect vision! In a word, would that the emphatic language of the great apostle of the gentiles were not fully verified in them: "professing themselves to be wise, they became fools!"†

But alas! such a hope were almost idle in our vain-glorious age! The great ones of the earth never learn any thing. The experience of the past, the striking lights of history with its fearful lessons, the teachings of a sounder philosophy, are all thrown away on them. In

* Isaiah xiv, 13, 14. † Rom. i, 22.

spite of all that can be alleged, they persist in being "vain in their thoughts:" *evanuerunt in cogitationibus suis.** Like the builders in the plains of Shinar, they have foolishly sought to erect a tower which shall reach to the heavens themselves; but like them too, their speech has been confounded. The inflated philosophy of the day is a modern Babel;—a sad jumble of contradictory theories and speculations. As in the days of Cicero, there is no absurdity which the soi-disant philosophers of the age have not broached and idolized. Atheists, deists, materialists, pantheists, rationalists, eclectics, transcendentalists, perfectionists, Fourierists, socialists, mesmerists, neurologists, &c. &c. &c.; what a conglomeration of jarring elements, or rather absurdities! And, as if we had not already absurdities enough, new ones are daily starting into existence; and it is a sad thing that nothing new can be broached, no matter how shocking or absurd, which does not gain proselytes! Alas for our *enlightened* age!

Perhaps the most fashionable absurdities of the day are pantheism, eclecticism, and transcendentalism. These three systems—if systems they may be called—are but a revival, under new and more witching forms, of very old systems of pagan philosophy long since consigned to the tomb of the Capulets. Pantheism is but a new form of the ancient Platonism;—a system peculiarly acceptable to our modern philosophers, because it deified the world, made matter an object of idolatry, worshipped the creature, and forgot the Creator. The modern, like the ancient eclectic in the days of Cicero, prided himself in the assumption that he has succeeded in extracting the quintessence of all that is best in all other systems of philosophy, and in harmonizing together the truths thus extracted; whereas the truth is, that he has only succeeded in showing his own inconsistency and absurdity in the attempt to harmonize contradictions. The transcendentalist steps gallantly forth to the rescue of the pantheist and of the eclectic, when these are pressed by the stringent logic of the Christian philosopher; and he dexterously conceals the true position, or covers the retreat of his allies with a cloud of grandiloquent, but unmeaning verbiage. His motto is that of Horace's poetaster: *ex igne dare fumum;*—to smother the brightly burning fire of truth with a heavy superincumbent mass of smoke! You know not where to have him; for his panoply is smoke. His real position was very appropriately defined by the Scotch highlander, who, when asked the definition of metaphysics, replied: "when a man dinna know what another man says, and the other man dinna know what himself says, that's metaphysics."

It is a sad and sober fact, that the intellectual and philosophic atmosphere of our age has become hazy and foggy to such an extent, that the bright sun of truth is almost wholly concealed from the eyes of the simple-minded beholder. Those who are content to become little children for Christ's sake, really know more of sound philosophy, though they boast less, than the proudest philosophers of them all.

These men tell us, as an apology for their never-ending and ever-changing theories, that this is an age of enlightenment and of progress. Nonsense. Is the heaping of absurdity on absurdity, and the adding of vagary to vagary, any evidence of enlightenment or of progress? They tell us that this is the age of mental liberty and of free inquiry in every thing, from things in the humblest walks of life up to those in the highest regions of philosophy and of religion. Nonsense. Is there, then, no difference between rational liberty, trammelled only by the fetters of sober reason and by the golden bonds of obedience to a divinely constituted and clearly ascertained divine religion, and that licentiousness of intellect which knows and acknowledges no restraint whatever, human or divine? Must we become sons of Belial, and shake off all restraints of every kind, in order to be *free?* If liberty can be attained only on such conditions and at such cost, then away with liberty; we have had too much of it already. We pant for no higher freedom than that of which Jesus spoke, when he said: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."* We want no higher freedom than this. Dearly as we prize liberty, we value no other than that of which the venerable prince of the apostles speaks, when he warns us to conduct ourselves, "*as free, and not as making liberty a cloak for malice, but as the servants of God.*"†

What benefits or truths have the proudly boasting philosophers, who have the hallowed

* Ibid. v. 21.

* St. John viii, 32. † I Peter ii, 16.

name of liberty for ever on their lips, really bequeathed to the world, after all the noise they have made? We have already seen what bequest they have left us; and until they have something better to offer, we are done with them. We are content to be little children; aye, to "become fools for Christ's sake." Pride precipitated Lucifer from heaven, and pride drove our first parents from the earthly paradise; pride is the main spring of modern philosophy, and the bane of modern society; pride has heaped nothing but maledictions, mental and moral, on our race: we are done with pride, and we embrace with delight the less attractive but more safe way of humility, being most fully persuaded that "God rejects the proud, and gives his grace to the humble."

Disguise the fact as we may, it is still a *fact* that the wrong which we deplore is not confined to those who, in our day, wear the mantle of philosophy; it has extended to the sects, and it has done its deadly work among them. Sectarism has been always cursed and blighted by the same evils which have ruined philosophy; and these evils have sprung from the same polluted fountain of private judgment and individual reason proudly raising itself up against the teachings of authority. The sectarist prates as much about liberty, and the emancipation of the human mind, as does the infidel philosopher. Voltaire and Rousseau did but seize up and re-echo through the world the self-same shout of LIBERTY which Luther and Calvin had sent forth two and a half centuries before in Germany and Switzerland. The infidels did but carry out the leading doctrine of the reformers, and all the world saw and *felt* the awful results of that doctrine when fully carried out.

And not only the French infidels, but the children of the reformers themselves, have carried out that mischievous doctrine to its logical and most fearful consequences. What is it that has blighted German, and Swiss, and European Protestantism generally? What is it that has filled the land of Luther and of Calvin—which erewhile resounded with the battle-cry of freedom from the tyranny of the papacy—with the discordant notes of triumph now raised by the Rationalists, Pantheists, and Transcendentalists? What is it that has there made the press, and the pulpit, and the professor's chair the vehicles of downright infidelity? What is it, but this same demoniacal shout of LIBERTY—liberty as excluding, and in deadly opposition to *all* restraint of authority? Private reason first undertook to judge for itself in matters of religion, and it has ended in rejecting religion altogether! Infidelity has triumphed over Protestantism on the very soil and first battle-ground of Protestantism, and it has achieved its triumph too with the very weapons which Protestantism placed in its hands! Is it not true? Is it not lamentably true?

We must be blind to the spirit and manifest tendency of our age, not to perceive that the great struggle in our own republic will, at no distant day, be not so much between Catholicity and Protestantism, as between Catholicity and infidelity. Protestantism in this country will, and must in the very nature of things, run the same career, and pass through the same phases, that it has run and passed through in Europe, and it must ultimately share the same fate. Torn and distracted within, split up into a hundred warring sects already, and yearly witnessing new divisions, and the rise of new sects, it must, sooner or later, fall a prey to its own dissensions, and become a victim of those warring elements of dissolution which are already festering in its very bosom. Jesus hath uttered the prophecy, and the prophecy must be fulfilled: "*Every* kingdom divided against itself shall be made desolate, and *every* city or house divided against itself shall not stand."* American must bide the doom of German Protestantism; nothing can prevent this result. The sects may make a prodigious noise; they may put on a sanctimonious air; they may boast their love of the Bible; they may prate about the Sabbath; they may league together against Catholicity; they may make desperate and almost supernatural efforts to infuse a sort of spasmodic and galvanic life into their else lifeless followers; but their doom is sealed, and no human power can avert it.

PROTESTANTISM CAN NOT BEAR THE TOUCH OF LITERATURE AND ENLIGHTENMENT. Paradoxical as this may appear, it is even true. Reason and history both proclaim its truth. The endless vagaries and the countless inconsistencies of Protestantism must vanish before the progress of enlightenment, even as the

* St. Matth. xii, 25.

mists vanish before the rising sun of day. One of the most eloquent writers of the day has said: "Science is an acid which corrodes and consumes every thing but the pure gold of truth;" and never was a truer thing said. Such has been precisely the result of progressive enlightenment in Germany, and such it will be in this country, so certainly as similar causes invariably produce similar effects under similar circumstances.

In fact, a mere glance at the religious aspect of our country is sufficient to convince us that "the mystery of iniquity already worketh"* among us. Look at Boston, said to be the most enlightened city of our union. What is it but the paradise of infidels, and of sects bordering on the very verge of infidelity? What is it but the great centre of Universalism, of Unitarianism, of Fourierism, of Parkerism, of Transcendentalism, and, perhaps, of many other *isms* of a similar character? How sadly have the children of the Puritans degenerated from the rigid orthodoxy of their sires, who whilome enacted the blue laws, hung the witches, bored the tongues of the Quakers with red hot iron, and drove forth brother Protestants into the frowning wilderness! Is not Puritanism, in its very stronghold, fast verging to downright infidelity?

Look at New York, our great commercial emporium. But the other day the infidels held there a national convention for the purpose of organizing themselves for a regular crusade against Christianity! The convention conducted its proceedings, unblushingly, in the open light of day; it was held, as if in defiance, during the very week of the great *religious* anniversaries; and even women participated in its deliberations! The public press, too, spread out before the community the speeches and resolutions of this assembly with a nonchalance really ominous. What, but a few years ago, would have sent a thrill of horror from one end of this union to the other, has now caused comparatively but a slight sensation, and passed off almost without a rebuke!

If all these, and many other similar signs of the times, fail to convince us of the strong infidel tendency of our age, the startling fact revealed by the religious statistics of the last American Almanac can not fail to rivet that conviction on the minds of the most skeptical. It is estimated, from authentic sources of information, that, of all our adult population, over twenty-one years of age, MORE THAN HALF BELONG TO NO RELIGIOUS DENOMINATION WHATEVER! That is, that more than half of our grown population is composed either of downright unbelievers, or of persons indifferent on the subject of religion, or, at least, of those who have not yet made up their minds as to the sect they mean to embrace! And yet this is the age of boasted enlightenment, and this is the land of open Bibles, of tract and missionary societies, and of religious knowledge!

In view of all these facts, we must believe that there is something grievously and radically wrong in the whole religious complexion and tendency of our age. Effects so startling must have an adequate cause, and it requires no wizard to tell what that cause is. The fatal source of all this mischief is THE PRINCIPLE OF PRIVATE JUDGMENT IN MATTERS OF RELIGION, IN OPPOSITION TO THAT OF AUTHORITY. The distracting and disorganizing principle of individuality has set itself up against the great conservative principle of authority, based on antiquity and secured from error by divine promise. Hence the prolific brood of jarring sects which overspread our land; hence the unsettling of religious belief; hence indifferentism and infidelity.

The truth is, the leading Protestant sects employ against the distinctive doctrines of Catholicity the self-same arguments that the infidel employs against Christianity. The doctrine of the real presence is unreasonable and absurd, therefore it must be rejected. The doctrine of confession is too humiliating to man, and gives too much power and influence to the priesthood; therefore it, too, must be discarded. The hierarchy and the papal supremacy fetter individual freedom of opinion, therefore they must be abolished. Catholicity imposes too many painful restraints on human nature; it is antiquated, and no longer adapted to the growing wants and exigencies of our *enlightened* age; therefore Catholicity must be put down. What other species of logic does the infidel employ against Christianity itself? What other weapons are wielded against the Bible with its astonishing miracles and incomprehensible mysteries?

So long as Protestantism will continue to

*2 Thessalon. ii, 7.

adopt a system of logic flattering human pride, and pandering to human passion, so long will it lend weapons to infidelity to be wielded with murderous effect against Christianity itself. In its present distracted condition, and with its present worldly armor, it must prove utterly powerless in the warfare with unbelief. It occupies a false position; it began wrong, and has continued wrong; it must retrace its steps, and reoccupy the old Catholic vantage ground, ere it can hope to battle successfully in the sacred cause of truth. The experience of full three hundred years has already proved the ruinous tendency of the principle which was its great starting point; till that principle be discarded, infidelity will and must continue to reap an abundant harvest, wherever Protestantism is prevalent. It has ever been so; it will ever be so; in the very nature of things it must be so.

The religious opinions of our age and country oscillate between two extremes, fanaticism and indifferentism. On the one hand we behold an extreme of religious excitement, on the other a total apathy or a lurking sneer. On the one side, we hear an endless cant about the Sabbath and the Bible, about revivals and "getting religion," about tract societies and missionary societies; about money to support the missionaries, and their wives and children; on the other we are chilled by an ominous silence as of the grave. Fanaticism makes the most noise; but indifferentism gains the most proselytes. We are on the eve of beholding the full verification of that awful prophecy of Christ: "When the Son of man cometh, shall he find, think you, faith on the earth?"*

We repeat, then, the declaration of our firm conviction, that the great coming struggle in our age and country will not be between Catholicity and Protestantism, so much as between Catholicity and indifferentism or infidelity. The present desperate effort of Protestantism to put down Catholicity in this *free* republic is evidently spasmodic, and can not last long; it is a fierce and animated skirmishing, which is but the forerunner of the great coming struggle between Catholicity and unbelief. But Catholicity has already come out victorious from too many fierce contests with infidelity, in every possible form and shape, to fear the issue of this great struggle. Her brow is already decorated with too many laurel wreaths of victory to allow her to anticipate or fear defeat in her old age. He that could not err has said: "The gates of hell SHALL NOT prevail against her."

* St. Luke xviii, 8.

II. The second position which we proposed to establish, viz., that modern society forgets religion and heavenly things in the all-absorbing interest which it takes in the paltry things of this earth, need not detain us long. This general worldlymindedness of our age is but too apparent, and it is one other fruitful source of that religious indifference which we have just been deploring. With the men of our age this world is every thing, the world to come is nothing. They think on time and its short-lived and ever changing interests; they forget eternity with its never ending rewards and punishments. Or if they think of eternity at all, it is only at long intervals, and with but little attention. The world, with its bustling scenes and busy pursuits, engrosses every thing.

Avarice is the besetting sin of the age. Ours is, emphatically, the enlightened age of *dollars and cents!* Its motto is, POST NUMMOS VIRTUS; MONEY FIRST, VIRTUE AFTERWARDS! Utilitarianism is the order of the day. Every thing is estimated in dollars and cents. Almost every order and profession—our literature, our arts, and our sciences—all worship in the temple of mammon. The temple of God is open during only *one* day in the week, that of mammon is open during *six*. Every thing smacks of gold. The fever of avarice is consuming the very heart's blood of our people. Hence that restless desire to grow suddenly rich; hence that feverish agitation of our population; hence broken constitutions and premature old age. If we have not discovered the philosopher's stone, it has surely not been for want of the seeking. If every thing can not now be turned into gold, it is certainly not for want of unceasing exertions for this purpose.

We have even heard of churches having been built on speculation! And if the traveller from some distant clime should chance suddenly to enter one of our *fashionable* meeting-houses; if he should look at its splendidly cushioned seats, on which people are seen comfortably lolling, and then glance at the naked walls, and the utter barrenness of all religious emblems and associations in the inte-

rior of the building, he would almost conclude that he had entered by mistake into some finely furnished lecture-room, where the ordinary topics of the day were to be discussed. And if he were informed that this edifice had been erected and furnished by a joint stock company on shares, and that these shrewd speculators looked confidently to the income from the rent of the seats as a return for their investment, his original impression would certainly not be weakened. But the conclusion would be irresistible, if he were told still farther that, in order to secure a good attendance of the rich and fashionable, the owners of the stock had taken the prudent precaution to engage, at a high salary, some popular and eminent preacher! Those who have watched closely the signs of the times, will admit that this is not a mere fancy sketch, and that it is not even exaggerated.

Alas! alas! for the utilitarianism, or rather materialism of our boasted age of enlightenment! In such a condition of things, can we wonder at the general prevalence of religious indifference, and of unblushing infidelity? As in the days of Horace, our children are taught to calculate, but not to pray. They learn arithmetic, but not religion.

The mischievous maxim, that children must grow up without any distinctive religious impressions, and then, when they have attained the age of discretion, must choose a religion for themselves, is frightfully prevalent amongst us. This maxim is about as wise as would be that of the agriculturist who should resolve to permit his fields, in the spring season, to lie neglected, and to become overgrown with weeds and briers, under the pretext that, when summer would come, it would be time enough to scatter over them the good seed! It amounts to this: human nature is corrupt and downward in its tendency; let it fester in its corruption, and become confirmed in its rottenness, and then it will be time enough to apply the remedy; or, rather, human nature will then react and heal itself!

Another cognate maxim, equally prevalent, is equally mischievous in its tendency. It is the latitudinarian doctrine, that it matters not what religion a man embraces, provided he endeavor to be a moral man and an upright citizen. As if light and darkness, truth and error, were indifferent to God! As if Christ would have died on the cross to seal his holy religion, and yet is wholly indifferent whether men embrace it or not! As if the divine Author of Christianity had left his religion wholly vague and undefined, to be apprehended by each one according to his own judgment or fancy, or had made it a jumble of confused and jarring sects!

Such, O Protestantism, are some of the bitter fruits thou hast bequeathed to the world! Such are some of the "fantastic tricks" thou hast played off before high heaven! Thou art fairly responsible for the unsettling of religious faith, for the frightful multiplication of sects, and for the extensive prevalence of religious indifference and infidelity in our land! And on the great day of the Lord, when the secrets of hearts shall be revealed by the great Searcher of hearts, thou shalt be held strictly to thy responsibility!

With all these mischievous maxims extensively prevalent, and with the canker of sectarism preying on its very heart-strings, Protestantism can do little more than secure a mere external conformity and a lifeless formalism, if it can even do that. It may succeed in preserving a fair exterior; it may "make clean the *outside* of the cup and of the dish," but decay is at its bosom, and it is powerless for *internal* purification. It has been weighed in the balance, and has been found wanting. It has strained at the gnat of alleged abuses in the Catholic church, and it has swallowed the camel of sectarism. It has wasted its energies on trifles, and has "let alone the weightier things of the law, judgment, and mercy, and *faith*."* It must return to "its first faith;" it must seek "the rock from which it was riven;" it must "stand by the way, and look, and ask for the old paths, which is the good way, and walk in it;"† else it can find no rest to its soul, and can effect no healing of the nations by its ministrations!

In conclusion, we repeat the opinion that the great problem of our age will be to decide between Catholicity and infidelity, and that the sooner this issue is clearly understood and fairly met, the better. Nothing but Catholicity can heal the disorders of the age, and give a wholesome impulse and direction to its tendencies. Protestantism has been tried, and it has failed; it has aggravated, instead of healing, the crying evils of the times.

* St. Matth. xxiii, 23, 25. † Jeremiah vi, 16.

PATRIOTISM AND RELIGION:

AN ALLEGORY.

(From the Orphan's Casket.)

A BEAUTIFUL vernal day, at the hour when the rays of the sun begin to relax their power, and the balmy atmosphere lends the highest charms to a promenade in the country, I was wending my way along the banks of the Ohio river, and amid the richness of the scene which nature displayed to my view, I pondered in admiration over the happiness of those whose lot had been cast at a distance from the turmoils and dangers of a city, recalling forcibly to my mind the words of the poet,

"O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint!"

But while I entered fully into the sentiment of the Roman bard, my thoughts absorbed in the physical attractions of rural life and their powerful influence on the cultivation of the moral feelings, I was suddenly aroused from the delightful contemplation, by the cry as of a child, that seemed to issue from the thickly wooded grove near the margin of the stream. I immediately advanced towards the spot whence the wailing appeared to come, and I soon descried a small cottage situated in the bosom of the forest. On approaching it I discovered that it was inhabited by two sisters, one just verging on the years of womanhood, the other much more youthful, and both lamenting, with all the intensity of grief, the loss of an affectionate father, who that morning had been consigned to the grave. A few years before they had lost their mother; but during the life time of the surviving parent they had enjoyed a respectable, though scanty subsistence: now their only support, their only protection, their only friend was gone!

Such was the substance of their tale of wo, every word of which pierced my heart, while fancy already painted in vivid coloring the hard fate which awaited these bereft ones in their future struggle through the world. The elder sister had reached an age which promised enough of physical strength and moral courage to brave the vicissitudes of life, and to seek a competency for herself in the service of strangers; but what was to become of the little being whom the ties of consanguinity, the tenderness of age, and the early development of many amiable qualities, had riveted so closely to her bosom? Was she to become an inmate of the alms-house, or would He who feedeth the birds of the air, and arrayeth the flowers in all their loveliness, depute some ministering spirits to watch over her, and guide her steps in the pathways of innocence and peace?

In the midst of these inquiries which rapidly flashed across my mind, I saw, approaching towards the humble dwelling, two forms of surpassing beauty. On their drawing near to the spot where we stood, I obtained a distinct view of their persons, which were clad in the richest attire, one of them having her flowing hair encircled with a chaplet of pearls surmounted in front by a gold cross of dazzling brilliancy, the other wearing, pendant from her neck, a small image of an eagle, exquisitely wrought in the same precious material. Their countenances bespoke some degree of solicitude, but so tempered with mild serenity as rather to inspire confidence than to awaken anxiety.

"Be not surprised," said one of them, "at our appearance on this occasion. Aware of the misfortune that has befallen this orphan child, and of the wretchedness that must inevitably imbitter its days, if timely relief is not extended by some kind and helping hand, we have come to answer the inquiry that has arisen in your mind relative to her future condition. My name is PATRIOTISM, and my

office to watch over the welfare of society, to promote the blessings of peace among men, in the various regions which they inhabit. I have distributed them into different nations, and under different forms of government, answering to their respective wants and circumstances, and the happiness of every particular people depends on its attachment to the system of policy which my wisdom has assigned to it. Public order and private peace, prosperity and contentment, are the blessed fruits which spring from this seed. It brings together the individuals of a nation into one great family, the members of which appreciate fully the advantages accruing to themselves separately from a community of interests, and, at the same time, understand the important influence which each one must exert, in order to realize and secure the general prosperity. The community and the individual are, as you perceive, the mutual supporters of each other. They are two columns of an arch; if you take away either, the whole superstructure will crumble into ruins. Their action is reciprocal, like that of clouds and rivers, which, ministering to each other, refresh and fertilize the earth. You may now understand the reason of my visit to this place of mourning. There is a youth, destined to act an important part on the theatre of life; she may become a very useful member of society, or she may be one of those disturbant and antagonistic elements which are ever warring against its peace. She may one day adorn the circles of virtuous industry, or she may tread the paths of indolence, and fall a victim to the wretchedness and vice which invariably attend it. This is the uncertain prospect before her, and the present moment must decide whether her career in this world will be a benefit to herself and her country, or be a curse to the one and the other. Alternatives of a still more serious import await her at the term of her earthly journey; but as these are official objects of solicitude to my guardian companion, I must commit you, for further information, to the wisdom of her words."

Upon this the fair personage, who stood at the side of PATRIOTISM, signified her assent to the concluding remark of her protegee, and, with an air of majesty, that blended most beautifully with a benignant smile, she thus addressed me:

"You have probably heard enough to inspire you with a deep interest in the youthful being who is near us. You behold in her the germ of usefulness or of mischief to your country: but there are considerations of a much loftier nature at stake. Her existence will not terminate with the dissolution of her mortal frame; she is to live FOR EVER, a bright seraph near the throne of the eternal God, or a victim of suffering in the unquenchable flames of hell. My name is RELIGION, and my dominion is the soul of man, in time and unto eternity. Without my approbation, no pursuit that engages his attention can impart any real enjoyment. Without submission to my commands, he will infallibly become the prey of a harrowing conscience on this side of the tomb, and beyond it the victim of a justice which will never be appeased. In short, without my influence, he is out of the sphere in which he was placed by his Creator; and, like a dislocated member of the body, his position must be that of pain, while at the same time he answers not the end of his existence. On the other hand, the faithful observance of my laws regulates and orders his whole being. In his daily avocations, and even amidst the trials and afflictions of life, his peace of soul will remain undisturbed, because he possesses, in the testimony of a pure conscience, a treasure which rejoices the heart, and awakens the most brilliant hopes for the world to come. But man is a free agent, and, of the two alternatives before him, he can embrace that which confers a glorious immortality, or that which consigns to eternal suffering and ignominy. I will observe also that, according to one of my maxims, a youth will grow up and be confirmed in the sentiments and habits to which he has been accustomed from his earliest years, and for this reason the neglect of timely instruction in those matters which regard his spiritual and eternal welfare, may result in the most dreadful consequences."

At these words, which were pronounced with a solemnity and emphasis deeply impressive, I could not refrain from observing that I was fully alive to the importance of what had been said, and felt an increased solicitude for the fate of the interesting youth before me; the remark had scarcely dropped from my lips when RELIGION continued:

"I perceive that your sensibilities are

aroused, and that the best affections of your heart keep pace with the enlightened views that wisdom has displayed to you. You wish to know also what means have been devised by my fair companion and myself, to rescue the unprotected orphan from disgrace and wretchedness, in this and a future world, to render him faithful to his God and his country, and to fit him for the glory and happiness for which he was created. Know then that we have under our direction ministers of good to man. We send them forth on various errands of mercy and peace; and among them are angels of charity, who are devoted in a special manner to the care and instruction of the orphan. To fit them for this exalted office we have inspired them with a most compassionate regard for the sufferings of humanity, and adorned them with all those qualities which must insure the virtuous and enlightened training of the youth committed to their charge. Sometimes you will behold them stationing themselves in large and flourishing cities, and from some prominent point inviting to their dwelling of peace the little beings whom the unsparing hand of death has sent fatherless and sorrowing into the world. Here they are busily engaged in their labor of love, seeking no other compensation for their holy toil than the approving smiles of heaven. But as we offer these our handmaids to society, for its own advantage, to save it from fearful evils, and to elevate its members to the highest honor and felicity to which they can aspire, we have enjoined upon it the obligation of sustaining and protecting those nurseries of virtue and industry, which are so essential to its good order and prosperity. The city of Louisville, hard by, is blessed with one of these institutions, whose doors are now open to receive the child of misfortune. Conduct her thither in the name of Religion and Patriotism, and she will be welcomed within its hallowed walls. On her entering into this happy enclosure, grief will bid her adieu for ever, and joy will light up the scene around; for under the fostering care of the pious and charitable matrons who dwell there, her career will be honorable through life unto the blissful abodes of eternity."

At these words the two personages before me shone with a brilliancy that was dazzling to the eye, and upon my consenting to comply with their injunction, the force of which was irresistible, they vanished from my sight. The elder orphan, about twenty years of age, set out with confidence looking for employment; I bade the younger, scarcely five years old, to accompany me, which she readily did, after a persuasive exhortation from her sister. Then turning our steps towards the city, I discovered the residence of the *Sisters of Charity*, and committed my little ward to their maternal vigilance. At the same time I deposited a sum of money in the hands of the lady directress, and then made my way homeward, full of joy and consolation, reviewing with delightful emotion the transactions of the evening, and resolved to present frequent offerings at this shrine of mercy; because my mind was deeply and enduringly impressed with those words which I had once read in the inspired volume, that "religion pure and unspotted with God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and widows in their tribulation."* I was also more than commonly struck with the beauty of another scriptural passage, which applies with so much force to the *Sisters*, and the glorious consequences of their magnanimous labors: "Wisdom . . . goeth about seeking such as are worthy of her; and she showeth herself to them cheerfully in the ways, and meeteth them with all providence. For the beginning of her is the most true desire of discipline; and the care of discipline is love, and love is the keeping of her laws, and the keeping of her laws is the firm foundation of incorruption; and incorruption bringeth near to God. Therefore the desire of wisdom bringeth to the everlasting kingdom."†

W.

* St. James i, 27. † Wisdom vi.

THE POOR ORPHAN BOY.

(From the Orphan's Casket.)

WITH the first settlers of this happy land,
My dauntless father joined, in heart and hand,
Through countless dangers, won a home, and then
Revisited his native soil again;
In my tenth year, there, on Potomac's side,
Far from his offspring, sickened—languished—died!
His cabin castle, stunned by this fell blow,
Sank stupified, in silent, tearless wo;
And oh! 'twas joy, 'twas transport to my soul,
When first I saw my mother's big tears roll!
The wretched orphans to her bosom cling,
And boisterous grief strikes every mournful string.
Arising from this scene of sorrow, then
I first addressed me to the task of men;
To raise the fire, to gain the distant mill,
And tend the cattle, was performed with skill.
The deep dark forest, and each howling race,
I fearless met—looked danger in the face.
But soon the want of clothing and of food
Rouse up a fiercer, wilder, savage brood
Within my bosom's wilderness, and fill
With cow'ring fear my late undaunted will.
Wrapped in the relics of my father's clothes,
With streaming eyes, and soul oppressed with woes,
For food my mother's prayers I trembling bore
Unto a rich, inhospitable door.
The watch dog's growl, the well fed negro's jeer,
Aroused my father's spirit—banished fear.
Unasked to sit, I told the modest prayer,
And this, in answer from the rich man, hear:
"Work as I work! the mean alone dare live,
With folded arms, on what the industrious give."
I saw his daughter's mantling blush, and felt
The indignant feelings of my bosom melt:
His words, *her* looks, want's warrior armed in steel;
Then lowly bending, turning on his heel,
Hatless, and shoeless, the "poor orphan boy,"
Through winter's frost, and summer's heat, with joy,
Resolved to win his mother's, sister's bread,
And their pure prayers, and blessings on his head.
Though eighty winters spread a snowy veil
O'er that same head, this simple, artless tale,
With all its scorn of niggard souls, as then,
Warms my old heart, and guides my trembling pen.
My withered frame expands with conscious pride,
As, all unknown, I see this swelling tide
Of charity, in golden streams, restore
Life, and life's comforts, to the orphan poor.
And as each human wave, though swol'n with joy,
Melts down while reading "The Poor Orphan Boy,"
He oft repeats th' enraptured Peter's prayer:
"'Tis good for us, O Master, to be here."

THE CHAPEL OF THE FOREST.

BY CANON SCHMID.

CHAPTER I.

The Prayer Book.

CONRAD Ehrlieb was a fine young fellow, glowing with all the health of early youth. By trade he was a brazier; and, to perfect himself in his art, he travelled for a space of three years into different countries; wherever he went, he conducted himself in an upright and becoming manner. One day he was compelled by the excessive heat to travel under the shade of a thick forest; and he walked merrily along, with a well-stuffed bundle slung over his shoulder, and a knotty stick in one hand. Seeking to avoid the heat as much as possible, he left the road and wandered far into the thickest part of the wood, where he soon lost his way. For more than two hours he wandered about, without being able to discover the path again; and at last he was so bewildered that he didn't know which way to turn, to find his road out. The sun was beginning to decline towards the west, and young Conrad now lost all hopes of finding any other asylum, during the night, than the thick trees under which he was walking. Full of uneasiness, and a prey to the thoughts which rose within him, at the sad prospect of passing a night in the forest, he nevertheless kept on his way, when suddenly he saw something bright shining in the distance. He redoubled his speed to discover whatever this could be, and he soon made it out to be the gilt weathercock that crowned the spire of a neat little chapel. The tower rose high into the air amidst the dark fir-trees, and the setting sun lit it up with his last rays. The sight of the little chapel renewed his courage, and he soon met with a pathway leading to the hill on which the oratory stood.

The nearer he approached to the chapel, the more was his heart rejoiced to find in this deserted forest a place where he might rest himself, and where he should not be exposed, during the night, to the fury of the wild beasts. It was, in fact, a charming spot. The little hillock, covered with a carpet of soft grass, rose up majestically amidst the aged trees: and on its summit the piety of the faithful had raised a beautiful chapel to the God of heaven. Its entrance was on the opposite side to that by which Conrad approached.

"Perhaps," said he, as he mounted the hill, "this little edifice owes its origin to some pious solitary who fled from the contagion of the world to do penance in this quiet retreat! In fact, I remember to have heard formerly of fervent Christians who used to bury themselves in the woods, there to expiate their sins and weep over the wickedness of the earth. Their modest little cells have been discovered, and more than one flourishing city has sprung up near the tomb of a holy hermit.

"Oh! how deeply was religion formerly engraved in men's hearts, how pure were their morals, how great their charity! In the first ages of Christianity, the pagan world was astonished at the sublime spectacle displayed to the world by the disciples of the Gospel, whose virtues shone with such a brilliant light in the midst of the general corruption. The world had grown old in iniquity; the impure divinities, on whose altars they burnt incense, far from guiding men to virtue, afforded to their stupid votaries nothing but a monstrous assemblage of every sort of excess. At last, Christianity appeared: at the sound of its powerful voice, idolatry vanished from the earth like the mists of morning—it vanished, with its lying gods, the creatures of the imaginations of the poets—with its oracles of the devil—with its licentious morality, a lamentable example of the wanderings of the human understanding.

"What a blessing for us, to profess a holy religion, cemented by the blood of a God, and leading men to virtue! I have visited different countries: every where I have met with brothers; every where I have had the consolation of finding my religion, which is the same in every place, because it is the truth, and

therefore can not be changed. The sight of a church, dedicated to the services of the Catholic religion, always awakens a train of thoughts, useful and salutary to the Christian: I will, therefore, visit this asylum of piety. Long ago my father earnestly advised me never to pass any church I might meet on my way, without entering it. 'Churches,' he used to say, 'are built to teach us our duty to God: the tops of their spires rise up towards the sky, like a hand pointing out to us the way to heaven. How,' he would continue, 'could you pass by unnoticed, an opportunity of declaring your gratitude to God, and begging of him to strengthen your weakness with his helping grace. Perhaps you might there meet with some picture, or some master-piece of art, that would make an impression on your mind! Perhaps you might find, inscribed on the walls, some maxims that would fortify you in good, and teach you to curb your passions!' And this advice of my father was very wise and prudent advice; I am grateful to him for it."

Meanwhile the young traveller had reached the door of the modest chapel, and entered. Its silent vaults, its low narrow windows, its stained glass, revealing beautiful histories of holy bishops, who had prayed, and strong martyrs who had bled, the pale light of its sanctuary, its grey walls, made a deep impression on him, and awakened within him recollections of happy days, long since past, and of dear friends, now laid within the silent tomb: every thing about him inspired him with feelings of devotion. He put his bundle and his stick in a corner, knelt down in the last bench near the door, and prayed for some time. His heart was moved more and more, and the anxieties that had annoyed him a short time before, were gradually growing calmer.

After having satisfied his devotion, he arose from his knees, and drew near the altar. It was of ancient workmanship, and its simplicity and beauty, called forth his warmest admiration. Looking round, he saw on a desk, placed before the altar, a beautiful little prayer-book. He opened the book, and the first thing that met his eye in it, struck him dumb with amazement. On the first blank page, he found his own name, in his own hand-writing. He examined the book attentively, and felt more and more convinced that this name had been formerly written by himself. He could not, by any means, account for this discovery, and thought it must be all imagination. He turned over the leaves from one end to the other: the picture at the beginning—it was Jesus blessing the little children: the prayers themselves: many maxims, written on loose leaves, all of which he remembered well; every thing he met confused him more and more. "This book formerly belonged to me," said he, full of wonder; "I wrote my name in it while I was still at school; but how ever could it have found its way into this chapel, in the depths of the forest? All this puzzles me."

A thousand recollections of his infancy rushed upon his mind. The desire of once more seeing his dear friends burst on his soul, and a flood of unwilling tears filled his eyes. "O God!" said he, kneeling down before the desk, "what good parents thou didst bestow upon me! What happy days I passed with them! I recall, with delight, those blessed moments, when my tender mother, occupied with some household labor, would gather her children about her, to speak to us of thy love, and to point out to us the ardent charity thy son had for us, when he gave himself up to death on the cross, in order to save us and open for us the gates of heaven!

"And how often, when our poor father was returning from his daily toil, has he affectionately embraced us, answering all our little questions, and telling us such stories as might inspire us with virtue and piety! And oh! what happiness for me and my little sister, when they allowed us to work in the garden, and to plant or to water the flowers!

"But cruel war drove us all from our home, and scattered us into different countries. Alas! it is many years since sorrow and affliction carried my poor mother to her grave; and the very hand that formerly gave me the little book which I have just found again, is long since mouldered into dust in the silent tomb. Perhaps my dear father has followed her, and his last moments, too, like hers, may have been imbittered by grief and sorrow: and during all these years past, I have heard nothing of him. And my sister, where is she? Is she still living?

"Alone and separated from my own, I live isolated in the world; thou alone, O God! remainest to me! Thou alone knowest where

my sister and my father are. Oh! if either of them be now living, be pleased to unite us once more. God of mercy! have pity on me, and hear the prayer which my father addressed to thee when I saw him for the last time; grant me the blessings he invoked upon me, when he gave me his last benediction, and bade me always put my whole trust in thee."

CHAPTER II.

Conrad and Louisa.

So thought Conrad, and so he prayed. At length he rose: "Although this book once belonged to me, I dare not take it with me, for I can no longer look on it as my property. I think some one must have forgotten it here, and will come to look for it before nightfall: I will wait a little; and who knows but that, by its means, I may learn some news of my family?"

He then took up the book, sat down on one of the benches, and read several pages with feelings of indescribable pleasure. All at once, he saw a girl of very modest appearance enter the chapel: she might have been about sixteen years of age. She drew near the altar, made a profound inclination before it, and knelt down to say her prayers. "O my God!" said she, looking anxiously about her, "it is gone. I would rather have lost any thing else in the world." She then sought again for some moments, prayed for a short time, and then retired sad and pensive.

Conrad, whom she had not perceived, rose, book in hand, and followed. He soon overtook her, and said in a kind tone, "No doubt it was you, my good madam, that left this book on the desk?"

"Yes, sir, it was I;" and her eyes beamed with pleasure at the sight of the treasure she had looked upon as lost. "Yes, it is mine; you will find the name *Conrad Ehrlieb* written on the first page of it."

"It seems you prize the book; might I be allowed to ask you why? My question may perhaps appear to you impertinent, but the fact is, that the name of *Conrad Ehrlieb* is not altogether unknown to me. I have it in my power to give you sure and certain intelligence respecting that young man."

"Oh! if you could, you would render me truly happy. This *Conrad Ehrlieb* is closely connected with me. Many travellers pretend that they have met him in different countries; but their reports have never been confirmed. Since you say that you are acquainted with Conrad Ehrlieb, I will relate to you a few facts about my family and my fortunes: you will then be able to see if it be the same person you mean.

"My father held a post under government, on the Rhine. War, and the conquest of our country by foreign troops, made him leave his native land. His prince, who had just been stripped of his possessions, and who was reduced to a very wretched condition, could do nothing for him. My father's situation became most miserable: and the heavy misfortunes that fell upon him carried my mother hastily to her grave. This loss afflicted him very sensibly, more particularly as, with two children, my brother and myself, he would find great difficulty in going from one part of the country to another, in search of employment. A good-hearted brazier, in a little town where my father rested a day, and who had no children, said he would take care of my brother, teach him his own trade, and bring him up as his son. My father willingly fell in with this proposal; and, a few days after, wished my brother good by, and set out with me. We travelled a long way; but I was so young at the time, that I can not remember the names of any of the countries we passed through.

"My father at last fell sick, and, after some weeks of suffering, died: and no doubt his last moments were imbittered by the reflection that he was leaving behind him two poor orphans, destitute of human help.

"At that time, I was but six years of age, and now it is ten years since I lost the best of fathers. A charitable lady received me into her house. The night before his death, my father desired the good man, in whose house he was lying ill, to inform the brazier of his decease, in order that the sad intelligence might thus reach my brother's ears, and to beg that he would still continue to act as a father to the poor boy, for whom he never ceased pouring out the most touching prayers. With trembling fingers he wrote on a paper the name of the little town and of the brazier, with whom my brother was living. This paper was unfortunately destroyed by a servant who could not read. She tore it up while arranging the room in which my father breathed his last. Since that

moment, I have never learnt any thing certain about my brother; I have shed many tears for him; and, God knows, I have never let a day pass, without thinking of him and praying for him. My mistress exhausted every source of information to no purpose—she could learn nothing of him; in fact, no one could tell us whether he was still alive or not. This little book is the only relic I have of my family, and although I did not get it from him, still there is his name in it, written by himself, and that makes it a dear memorial to me. I found it in the bottom of a chest that used to belong to my father. The book was forgotten, when my father left Conrad with the good brazier; and thus it fell into my hands. And oh! should I ever find my long lost brother, how happy shall I be! But I dare not indulge such a hope again; I must resign myself to God's will, and remain an orphan in the world." And as she said these words, she wiped away a tear, which she fain would have hidden from the traveller. Her grief was enough to break the young man's heart; and more than once it required a great effort to prevent his interrupting her as she spoke.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "what goodness you show me! Is not your name Louisa, my dear child?"

"Yes," answered the girl with astonishment, "my name is Louisa Ehrlieb."

"Then, a thousand times welcome, my beloved sister, I am your brother, Conrad Ehrlieb. It was I that wrote the name in the prayer-book."

At first the girl looked at him with astonishment, not knowing how to explain this happy meeting.

A few moments they stood in silence, when Conrad took his sister by the hand, and led her to the foot of the altar.

CHAPTER III.

Youthful Recollections.

"It is here," said Conrad, "at the foot of this altar, on which the holy Victim of propitiation has been so frequently offered up, that I will relate to you all I remember of our childhood, and more especially of our separation; by this you will see that I am truly your brother, and that I am not imposing on you. Yes, I well remember the last moments we passed together. A family of strangers, who, like ourselves, were trying to make their escape, met us by the way; and, as you were too young and weak to go quickly, they offered to take you in their carriage. Even at this moment I fancy I can see the smile of pleasure that lighted up your features, as you mounted up into the carriage. My father and I followed after on foot, and rejoined you in the next village; and there, as you very well know, I was apprenticed to the good brazier, who adopted me as his own son. How happy it makes me, dear sister, to see you again! But it is a joy not unmixed with sadness; for it grieves me to the soul to hear of the death of our good father!

"You have grown very much; I am sure I should never have recognised you. You would not believe how afflicting it has been to me, never to hear any news of my father. The brazier was very careful in teaching me his trade: but how often was I doomed to hear those who came to his shop tell him that my father had cheated him, by leaving me on his hands: that he had done very wrong in ever taking me in, because no one had ever asked after me since, nor offered to repay him what he had spent over me. All this was enough to break my heart; and my only resource was to think in silence of my good father. I always entertained the most profound veneration for him: you know well that he was full of piety and wisdom."

"He was indeed good and prudent," answered Louisa. "Never shall I forget the night of his death. I was sleeping soundly in a room adjoining his, when he sent a person to call me. He was by this time exceedingly weak, and could scarcely talk. With a trembling hand he blessed me, and you too, my brother! He died like a saint, and the peace of his soul was clearly pictured on his tranquil and serene countenance. If you could have seen him, I am sure his contented and peaceful air would have delighted you."

"Just as I entered this chapel," said Conrad, "I was thinking about him; and my imagination was busy in conjuring up his venerable appearance. I fancied I saw him just as he looked when I last parted with him. It seemed as if I quitted him but yesterday, so well did I remember every one of his dear features. But still many years have rolled by since our sorrowful parting. It was the morn-

ing after the family of kind strangers had taken you up in their carriage. I went out with him very early that morning; and, as we were passing through the little town, we found the church door open, and both of us entered. It was empty. I sat down on one of the benches, while he went and knelt before the altar. For a long time he remained there motionless, pouring out his supplications to God, and weeping as he prayed. At length he rose, came to me, and said, 'Conrad, I have just been praying to the Lord for you and your sister, the good Louisa; and I have recommended both of you to his merciful care. Doubt not he will be a father to you, and will never desert you.'

"He then exhorted me always to remain firmly attached to my religion—to observe God's holy commandments—to avoid sin, and keep out of bad company, for that is the source of all the evils into which inexperienced youths ever fall. The words which he uttered were pronounced with that tone of deep feeling which makes its way direct to the very heart, and affected me so much that I burst into a flood of tears. He bade me take courage, and always to conduct myself like a true Christian in the house where I was to be placed, and ever to look upon my master as a second father: then he added these remarkable words, which have remained ever since engraved upon my heart: 'Poor boy! I feel that I am not long for this world: but must soon leave it for a better. Yes, I trust that God will receive me into his eternal tabernacles. It may be you see me for the last time; when then you grow old enough to be able to gain a livelihood for yourself, have a care of your sister, and be to her as a father. She will soon have no one but you to look up to in this world: often think of her, even when she comes to be removed far away from you.'

"When he had pronounced these words, he took me by the hand, led me to the foot of the altar, and there, in God's holy presence, made me promise to execute with care and fidelity his last wishes. I promised him every thing; then he made me kneel down, cast up his eyes devoutly towards heaven, and fervently blessed me. For a moment, he knelt beside me; then raised me, fondly embraced me, gave me a small sum of money, and we left the church together, our sorrow depriving us of a full power of giving utterance to our feelings.

"At length the moment of separation arrived. 'May God guide you, my son,' said he, and his voice was broken by sobs; then he fixed upon me his eyes, full of tears: 'Good by, my dear,' he exclaimed, 'often think of your father. When next we meet it will be in heaven, and then we shall never part more.' And he left me, and went to join you, while I returned to the good brazier. That was the last time I ever saw him. Here, in this solitary chapel, the memory of that separation rises in my mind more forcibly than ever, and awakens the fondest recollections of my tender father. When I found this book, I could almost have believed that I saw him standing before my eyes: the fervent prayer he addressed to God in the church of the little town where he left me, seemed to sound like music in my ears; and I felt as if I were again on my knees by his side before the altar; and I prayed of God, weeping as I prayed, to take pity on me, and to bring me at length, after so many years of painful anxiety, some news of my father and you. What a happiness for me to learn that, at the moment of his death, he once more gave me his blessing!"

"Yes, brother," answered Louisa, weeping, "our good father blessed us both; and his benediction is a treasure for us. He is now in heaven, and there prays for his children. Of this we have a clear proof in this happy meeting, so unlooked for by both of us. It was before an altar our father bade you farewell; and it is again before the altar of this holy chapel, that his two children once more meet each other. God has guided our steps this memorable day. You see how heaven has recompensed the fidelity with which you observed our dear father's last injunctions. If, like many other young men, you had passed carelessly by this chapel without entering it, we might perhaps never have met one another. Come, let us thank the God of love for having deigned to interest himself in such a striking manner in the fate of two orphans. Let us not forget to awaken in our hearts sentiments of the liveliest gratitude. Since God has protected us so many years, let us have a care to deserve his graces still more and more."

And they both knelt down on the steps of the altar. Louisa took the book from her brother's hands, and recited aloud a beautiful and touching prayer, which Conrad repeated after her.

CHAPTER IV.

An edifying Death.

"BEFORE leaving this place," said Louisa to her brother, "let us say together, as devoutly as we can, the *Salve Regina*, in honor of the Blessed Virgin. No doubt you know it by heart; and I never let a single day pass without frequently repeating it. I remember I once read that this prayer was composed by the pious bishop of Puy, Adhemar de Monteil, at the time the Christians were defending the Holy Land against the incursions of the Saracens. It is a prayer which I have always taken particular pleasure in reciting: and I feel certain that the merciful mother of Jesus, to whom this altar is dedicated, has listened graciously to it, and has often prayed to her divine Son in my behalf."

Conrad and Louisa, with the most touching piety, recited the *Salve Regina*, and then left the altar. "And now, my dear sister, tell me how came you into this forest? What could ever have induced you to bury yourself in this wood?"

"We are not so deeply buried in the forest as you imagine: the chapel is built at the verge of the forest; but on the very opposite side to the road, which no doubt led you to it. This little oratory is always frequented by a crowd of pious Christians, who flock to it at every hour of the day, there to implore the protection of the august queen of heaven: and I am quite astonished that no one has come since our meeting. One would think that heaven has provided us with these few moments to allow us an opportunity of recognising each other, and talking without interruption. At a mile's distance lies the town of Belle-Fontaine, at the other side of a beautiful hill. The road leading to it is very agreeable and planted with trees: it is my favorite walk. I have for a long time been in the habit of coming hither to pray every Sunday and holiday; and many times during the week, when my occupations permit me. I am generally accompanied by a friend; but to-day something has hindered her. Although I know by heart nearly all the prayers which this book contains, I always carry it with me. On opening it, I have a thousand times thought of you; yesterday it so happened that I forgot it, and to-day it is the means of leading me to find my dear brother. The fear of having lost this dear object has made me anxious all day; and behold, it has procured for me the greatest happiness."

"So it was with me," said Conrad. "I was wandering in a wild forest—I was alone and desolate, and now my joy is beyond all telling. And so it nearly always happens in this life; God guides us to happiness by the pathway of pain and sorrow. But tell me, dear sister, where are you living?"

"In the town of Belle-Fontaine, in the house of a charitable widow, who adopted me, having no children of her own. Her husband, who died many years ago, was a rich merchant, and left her a princely fortune; of which she makes the noblest use. She is a perfect saint; every one in the parish venerates her as such. I love her as a mother; and she, on her side, cherishes me as her own child. But come, let us go and see her; take up your hat and stick. I will carry your bundle, for you are very tired. The good lady will be quite delighted to see my brother, of whom she has heard me speak so often."

And so they went off together; but Conrad would not hear of his sister's carrying the bundle. On the way, Louisa related to him different circumstances of her life, and often added pious reflections to induce him to invoke our Blessed Lady, whom she called her powerful helper. Amongst other stories, she related the following, which she said she had met with in a little book, called the *Month of Mary*.

"One of the most distinguished preachers of the last century was once called about midnight to administer the last sacraments to a young nobleman who had just been seized with apoplexy. When he arrived he found the house all in confusion, the wife distracted, and the physicians vainly employing all the sources of their art on an invalid with no more than the semblance of life. This was the state of things during the night. When day appeared, the churches being opened, the priest went to offer a votive mass of the holy Virgin for the sick person in the next chapel; and glory for ever be to God and his blessed mother, it was scarcely finished, when a servant came to tell him that his master had now the use of his faculties. The surprise of the good priest was greatly increased when, on revisiting the gentleman, who had been too well known by his scandals and debaucheries, he found him penetrated

with the liveliest sorrow and compunction, imploring pardon of God more by tears than words, and offering his life for the expiation of his sins. In these dispositions, he made his confession, and received the last sacraments. The confessor, edified and amazed at such a change, when all was over, asked the dying person if he had any idea of the cause of such a miracle of the divine mercy in his favor. 'Alas, father!' he replied, 'what other cause could there be but this divine mercy itself, moved by your prayers, and perhaps by those of my deceased mother. The good woman was a model of piety to the court and to the city. I was her only son: after being married but a few years, her husband died, and unfortunately for me, she survived him but a few months. When on her death-bed, she caused me to be brought to her, and spoke nearly in the following words: 'I leave you, my son, an illustrious name and riches in abundance, but I entreat you to prefer to both the sacred character of a Christian. You are exposed to great dangers, my child; to what jeopardy perhaps will not your best possessions expose you? I die, alas! too soon for you; but may the will of God be accomplished. I leave you under the protection of the holy Virgin, and entreat her to show herself your mother. If you, my child, wish to give your affectionate parent some mark of attachment and recollection, promise me the only thing I am going to ask of you—it will cost you little—it is to recite the rosary of the Blessed Virgin every day.' I promised her most readily, (said the sick man,) and never failed to keep my word amidst all my debaucheries; nay, I confess that, for the last ten years, it is the only act of religion I have performed.'

"The confessor now saw clearly that the conversion of this young man was owing to the special protection of Mary. He exhorted him to redouble his confidence in his powerful benefactress. He did not leave him until his death. He received his last sighs, which were poured forth in the same penitential spirit."

From the lively pleasure he took in such an edifying conversation, Louisa discovered that her brother still preserved feelings of religion; and this was to her a new source of joy. And by this time they had passed over the hill, and were entering Belle-Fontaine together. "Do you see that pretty green house down there?" said Louisa to her brother. "It is there that my adopted mother lives. You may be quite certain that she will receive you well."

CHAPTER V.

Peter the Anchoret.

The sight of a young man, talking to Louisa in such a familiar manner, astonished the good lady not a little; but the young girl gave her no time to ask who he was, for she threw herself into her arms, and in a joyful tone of voice exclaimed: "O mother! I have such good news for you! I have just found my brother again. I met him in the Chapel of the Forest, and here he is."

"Is it possible, Louisa? What! this young man your brother?"

"Yes, it is he, most surely; for no one in the world besides could have given me the particulars he has done about my dead father; and, besides, my heart told me he was no impostor."

The lady examined the young man, and found that his features bore a most striking resemblance to those of Louisa. She made him sit down, and asked him a multitude of questions.

Meanwhile the neighbors came pouring in, and though the news had already spread, Louisa was too full of her good fortune not to tell it, again and again, to every new comer. Many of them immediately perceived the likeness he bore to Louisa, which the old lady had before observed; while some of the shrewd worthies of the town sagely shook their heads, as if they doubted the truth of what they heard. At last Conrad, to silence every doubt, took out his pocket-book, opened it, and showed them his passport, which contained his age, with a full description of his person, naming the place of his birth, &c. He then displayed a certificate given to him by his master, under whom he had learned the trade of a brazier, and another from the curate of the parish, testifying his holy life and good conduct; and thus he convinced even the most incredulous that he was really the brother of Louisa. Every suspicion instantly vanished, and all present congratulated the young man and his sister on their happy meeting. Louisa joyfully told them how, by means of her prayer-book, which she had forgotten in the *Chapel of the Forest*, Providence had led her to

the happy meeting with her brother; and as she spoke tears of sympathy filled every eye.

When supper was served up, the good lady made Conrad sit on her right hand and Louisa on her left. But very little was eaten; they all seemed more inclined to talk merrily than eat. When the things had been removed the lady addressed the good brother and sister, and said to them:

"I have for a very long time intended to bequeath this house, which my husband left me, to Louisa, provided she continued to be pious and wise, as she always has been, and faithful to the religious principles which I have instilled into her. I trust she will never so far forget her duty as to associate with those worldly girls whose thoughts seem entirely bent on dress and folly, and who, too often, alas! hide under a fair exterior a depraved and corrupted heart. Always bear in mind the excellent lesson once given by St. Peter the hermit, to a young lady about twenty-three years of age. She had heard tell of a wonderful cure performed by this great servant of God, and she went to seek him to beg of him the help of his prayers for the recovery of her sight, for she had, for a long time, lost the use of one of her eyes. In order to obtain more readily the favor she asked, she thought to win the favor of the saint by appearing before him in rich garments; her wrists encircled by golden bracelets, and her head adorned with massive ear-rings, rare feathers, and precious stones. She reached the cell of the venerable Peter, and detailed to him the object of her visit. The holy solitary having noticed the great pains she must have taken in preparing herself to appear in his desert, and thinking that her vanity was a more dangerous disease than that of which she complained, determined, with God's help, to make an effort to cure her of it, and said to her:

"'Tell me, my daughter, if some very skilful painter, well versed in his art, were to sketch a beautiful portrait, perfectly correct in every feature, and some one who had never handled a brush should wish to improve the piece, by introducing a fresh line here, and a fresh shade there, by making additions and alterations, do you not think the artist would feel affronted?'

"'Certainly,' replied she, 'he would have every right to complain.'

"'Therefore, my daughter,' continued the saint, 'doubt not that the Creator of all things, that admirable artist who created us and every one else, will be justly offended at your appearing to accuse his admirable wisdom of ignorance, by your attempts to reform his handiwork, and make it more perfect. No, no; do not change this portrait, which is made after God's own image and likeness. Seek not to give yourself that which it hath not pleased his perfect wisdom to grant you; do not strive to acquire a false and artificial beauty.'

"The girl cast herself down at the feet of the saint, humbly thanking him for this salutary lesson, and begging of him to cure her blindness. He did so, and she returned home glorifying God; and ever after renounced her vanities, and led a modest and retired life.

"So I say to Louisa, and so I would say to every young person of her age, modesty and virtue are the most becoming ornaments for maidens."

Louisa, who had silently and attentively listened to the words of her benefactress, threw herself into her arms, making fresh protestations that she never would renounce the path she had chosen, and that she would always remain subject to the will of her who had become her mother.

"Then," said the lady, "my dispositions towards you will ever remain unchanged; and now it only remains to come to some arrangement about your brother. Tell me, Conrad, are you bound by any engagement to settle in any other town?"

"No, madam, I am not."

"Would it meet your wishes to settle here, in order that you might always be near your sister?"

"I should like it above all things."

"Very well; I think we shall easily be able to make arrangements for you. At present there is no one of your trade living in the parish; the last brazier died about six months ago. His house is to be sold, and I think we shall be able to purchase it at a very cheap rate, as no one has ever offered to buy it as yet. To-morrow I will speak to the heir, and will endeavor to come to some understanding about it, in order that you may take possession of it as speedily as possible."

And she kept her word. Next day Conrad

accompanied her to look at the house, and found that it suited him exactly. The two parties soon came to an agreement about the matter; and three or four days saw the young brazier fully installed in his new workshop, hammering away, as busy as a nailer, and as merry as a lark.

All this was the cause of many heart-burnings and much grumbling among the good lady's poor relatives. "What," said these greedy folk, "are you buying a fine house, already furnished, for a young fellow you know nothing about? Was it not enough for you to adopt Louisa for your daughter? Why become so mighty generous towards a stranger who can give you no pledge of his honesty or piety? You will see that he will abuse your kindness, and make you no other return for it all but the basest ingratitude. What a folly to be so ready to open your purse strings!"

But the lady, who was blessed with a noble and generous heart, answered them like the householder in the Gospel:

"Am I not at liberty to give what I will, and to whom I will? Is your eye evil because I am good? What is done is done. Conrad shall remain in possession of his house. The murmurs of jealous and greedy relations do not at all disturb or annoy me. Am I not mistress of my possessions, to do with them as I think proper?"

This spirited answer silenced at once and for ever their unreasonable complaints; and Conrad took no notice of the shameful manner in which they treated him as he passed along the streets. By his good conduct, as a Christian and a citizen, he soon showed how wrongfully they had judged him, and very shortly earned for himself the esteem and confidence of the greater part of his fellow-citizens. Before the end of the first year he married the daughter of one of the most respectable tradesmen in the city. By his strict economy and untiring attention to his business, he laid up a comfortable fortune, and soon took his stand among the leading men of the parish. Full of gratitude towards his noble benefactress, he did her every act of kindness that lay in his power, and always acknowledged that he was indebted to her for all his happiness. Very soon after Louisa married too, and continued to be, as she ever had been, the comfort and consolation of her good mistress.

CHAPTER VI.

Conrad's Gratitude.

In the days of his prosperity Conrad remembered the privations which often fall to the lot of young workmen who travel in order to perfect themselves in their trade. So he always kept in his shop a purse well stocked with silver, and it was there the wandering artisan sought relief, nor sought in vain; for Conrad had an open hand and a good heart. He often invited applicants for relief to dine at his own table, or provided a bed for them in the neighboring hotel. His charity soon became known throughout the country side, and folk began to call the good brazier's house "the providence of poor travellers." But his goodness did not end there; every three months he wrote letters to his old master to let him know how he was getting on with his business. But he did still more. The old brazier's wife was dead, and he found difficulty in maintaining himself; so Conrad told him he would take care of him and provide for him, and he kept his word. For he furnished an elegant room, for the old man's use, in his own house, and a few days afterwards set off in a carriage to bring him to take possession of it.

Words can not tell the good old brazier's joy, when he saw his former apprentice once more. "Why," said he, "what a man you are! and what a gentleman you have grown!" for he saw in a moment, from Conrad's gentle manners and elevated bearing, that he had received a better education than people of his trade usually do. Surprised at so many signs of gratitude, the old man tenderly embraced him, and a torrent of joyful tears burst from his eyes.

Conrad sold every thing which he could not carry away with him, though he would willingly have carried off every stone in the old house; he knew them all well; they were old friends of his; and he tarried a week amid those dear scenes where he had spent so many useful and happy hours. At last he tore himself from the old town, and set off with his master, whom he loved and revered as a father. Every voice which had formerly been raised against Conrad was now silenced. Ever after the good brazier lived in the house of his old apprentice, where he met with every care and attention, for Conrad was delighted to meet with this opportunity of repaying the favors

which the old man had heaped upon him during his infancy.

Louisa, too, in the days of her prosperity, showed the like tenderness towards the good widow who had adopted her. These many attentions and kindnesses quite affected the old folk; for they often said to one another, "God never blessed us with children of our own, but these we have adopted are as great a treasure to us as any one's children can be."

By some means or another, Conrad often found himself, of a summer's evening, in the little chapel where he met Louisa. And many a time, with his little family about him, he would wander into the silent forest, there to awaken fresh recollections of the happy moment when it pleased God to shower down upon him such signal manifestations of his goodness. And then, when he had told his beads before our Blessed Lady's altar, he would leave the chapel, sit him down on the fresh grass, and tell his little children how good God had been to him; that although he was now rich and wealthy, time had been when he was very poor and very needy; but that God had raised him from his poverty. And in these recitals he made it his object evermore to enkindle in their tender hearts the same flame of love for God that always blazed in his own.

One evening, as he was returning from his little pilgrimage to the Chapel of the Forest, he met his sister Louisa; she was going there too with her little children. Conrad turned about and accompanied them, and as they walked along he took an opportunity of saying to her: "As it was here that my fortunes first began to brighten, I have for a long time thought it would be a very fitting thing to testify my gratitude to God in a particular manner, by doing something for this chapel. You see the building is very old, and sadly out of repair; the altar and the different ornaments of the church are likewise in a very sad condition. Now I have an idea of restoring it all to what it should be."

"O yes, brother," answered Louisa joyfully; "I will support half of the expense. As soon as ever I get home I will mention it to my husband, and I feel confident he will make no objection. Arrange every thing as you think best, and then let me know what conclusion you have come to."

CHAPTER VII.

The Chapel of the Forest.

The day following Conrad sent for a clever mason, and, after obtaining the consent of the parish priest, set him to work to repair the walls. He then painted them afresh, got all the windows cleaned, set up a new altar of rich marble, and gilt over again all the ornaments of the screen. The old picture that hung behind the altar was almost effaced by damp and time; so he put in its place a beautiful painting from the pencil of a distinguished artist. It represented the holy family; our Blessed Lady was seated at the door of her cottage, which was shaded by vines. She held in her arms the Divine Infant, to whom St. Joseph was presenting a small basket full of grapes, and ornamented with a garland of flowers. His parents were casting looks of the tenderest love on the future Saviour of the world; while he, on his part, was stretching out his little hands to thank St. Joseph for the present he was making him. On the ground lay scattered a carpenter's rule, and measure, and other tools. Beneath was written,

"Virtue alone can produce peace and happiness."

On the opposite wall he placed a second picture, representing a young man, weary and worn, holding in his hand a book, and examining it carefully, while a young maiden stands by, quite astonished at the sight of the unknown youth. Below are written the day of the month and the year when the happy brother found his sister, in these words:

"A grateful offering to the Queen of heaven,
The comfortress of the afflicted."

And round about the restored church he planted leafy trees, and raised stone seats, where weary travellers and holy pilgrims might sit and rest themselves, and enjoy the cool shade.

When all was completed, the parish priest went in solemn procession to the church, and there, upon the Blessed Virgin's altar, he offered up the sacrifice of the mass, in presence of a countless crowd of faithful who had assembled from all parts to be present at the holy rite. Every one there was loud in praise of Conrad's good taste, and his munificent liberality. The priest took advantage of their joy to exhort them to place all their confidence in God in time of tribulation, and never give

way to despair, even when every thing seems lost. He made a happy allusion to the means God had employed to bring together two orphans who, according to all earthly appearances, were doomed never to meet again. Every eye filled with tears, as he related this happy meeting; and told the many blessings that accrued from it. He ended his address by a beautiful paraphrase of the 124th Psalm of David:

"They who trust in the Lord are as strong as Mount Zion, which shall never be moved. As Jerusalem is girt about with hills which render the approach to it most difficult: so the Lord God is round about his people, to defend them now and for ever: for the Lord will never leave the race of the just beneath the yoke, and oppressed by the impious and by sinners, lest his holy servants should lose patience, and stretch forth their hands to iniquity, and imitate the ways of sinners. O Lord! do good to those who are good, and whose heart is just: but the Lord will drive away those who turn aside into unrighteous paths, and those who commit iniquity; and Israel shall be in peace."

CHAPTER VIII.

Conclusion.

Still Conrad's good heart was not satisfied with the restoration of the church; he ever after took an active part in every work of charity that was done in the town, and he took especial care to show himself the father of the poor and orphans. For a long time the good people of Belle-Fontaine had entertained thoughts of building a house of refuge for abandoned orphans. But they were without means for the accomplishment of their wishes. The honest brazier was the first to subscribe a good round sum, and engaged to supply all the kitchen utensils from his own warehouse, so as to occasion less expense to the charitable asylum. And so many others followed his example, by furnishing other things necessary in a household. And when at last the funds were sufficient for the erection of the house, Conrad was appointed administrator of it, and devoted himself, as far as his occupations would allow, to the instruction of the children placed there. It was his happiness to find himself in the midst of them, to address to them some edifying conversation, to sound their opening inclinations, and to pour into their sorrows the soothing balm of consolation. As he knew by experience the bitter lot of those who, at a tender age, are so unfortunate as to be deprived of their parents; he knew, better than any one else, how to sweeten the sorrows of the young, and inspire them with sentiments of submission and resignation. And thus he repaid with interest the good that had been done to him in his childhood. His presence spread joy among the poor children; his unchanging sweetness of temper won over to him the affection of every heart, and even when he was under the necessity of displaying severity to those who had transgressed the order of the house, he let them feel that, if he treated them severely, it was for their own good; and that it was to spare their tears and griefs in after life, that he then curbed their irregularities. As for the rest, Conrad found in religion fresh stimulants to excite the zeal he already felt to do good to his fellow-man; and, whilst the whole town loaded him with praises and blessed his name, he alone seemed ignorant of his own merit; because he worked for God, and self-love had no part in his good works.

What an admirable being is the man who thus devotes himself to the comfort of humanity! How near he approaches to that divine Model of all virtue of whom the holy Scripture says, "He went about doing good!" Oh! how happy would Christians be if they knew all the joy the warm heart feels, which is born to dry up the tears of the unfortunate!—to be the friend and consoler of those in distress, and thus to drive away sorrow and sadness from the face of the earth!

MR. HEADLEY'S LETTERS FROM ITALY.

Letters from Italy. By J. T. Headley. New York: Wiley and Putnam, 1845.

THIS is the title of a volume not originally designed for publication, if we rightly comprehend the preface. It matters little, however, with what intention a work is begun, if at its completion the author deems it worthy of the extensive circulation afforded by the press. But we should have been much less surprised had Mr. Headley objected to the publication of his letters not at the beginning, but at the end of the series. They are so peculiarly *personal* as to afford little of interest to any beyond the gentleman's immediate friends, and much better adapted to his own family circle than to an unsympathizing community. Mr. Headley informs us, in his preface, that he has labored to give *himself* in his travels. This may do very well for his dear E——, and some others who, warmly interested in his behalf, rejoice at his successful endeavors; but he can not quarrel with the public for wishing that his attention had been devoted to objects of a little more general interest. Not that we in particular feel any great regret because he has made Italy subservient to himself, for he is far better qualified, and vastly more *inclined*, to do justice to the one than to the other; but we presume his ability to handle more entertaining topics conceded. The volume before us is a succession of hasty sketches, sometimes happy, always spirited, yet characterized by a certain sameness of expression, and all deeply tainted with the sin of egotism. It was remarked by Mr. O. A. Brownson, in the course of a lecture delivered last summer in Baltimore, that most modern tourists give the fine ideas awakened in their souls by the pyramids, instead of the pyramids themselves. There are many illustrations of this in every book-store, but Mr. Headley's volume is decidedly the finest instance we have met with. Nor is he content with making the perceived subordinate to the great percipient, but he avows, in the outset, such to be his deliberate intention. Thus in the preface:

"For ourselves, we like to have a man give himself in his travels; we wish to hear him soliloquizing; and we read his book not to learn that he can be, or is a very serious and profound man, but to know how things struck him, that is, to travel with him."

In other words: "What I see is quite immaterial, provided you know how I was *struck* by the sight. I will not condescend to record facts, and allow my readers to draw their own conclusions; *my* impressions of those facts are all that is desired. The height of a pyramid, the jurisprudence, the political economy and social condition of a people, and all the incidents of travel, are only important, inasmuch as *I* was affected by them. Why offer my experience? any body may have had the same; but my reflections are my own, and must be of amazing interest. No matter how the city of Petra looks, but simply how I felt as I gazed at it. The *me* must 'predominate,' like the bear over the punch-bowl in Waverly. I must give *myself* in my travels. You read to *hear* my soliloquies, to admire *me*, not what I have seen, though the wonders of the world passed in review before me. You renounce the page of Hallam, the verse of Shakspeare and of Milton, that you may invest the dulcet hours in '*travel with me.*'" All of this glorious egotism and *me*gotism, and a world more, is condensed by Mr. Headley into one masterly sentence.

The preface of a book, though often quite as little noticed as is an overture before Hamlet or Macbeth, gives us at a glance as keen an insight into the author's character as we can obtain from the whole narrative. An author is apt to unbosom himself there, and appear like a tragedian, in plain citizen's

dress, before the curtain ere it rises, to solicit from the audience favor for his own performance. In the preface we have our man unmasked, in the narrative most frequently disguised and sandalled. But Mr. Headley never forsakes himself from the beginning to the end; we have him all the way through. This self-devotion, with his laughable dogmatism and bigotry, constitute three serious objections to the letters from Italy.

As a writer, we hardly know how to consider Mr. Headley; he is a sketcher, not a writer. Horace has divided the poets into three classes: those who instruct, those who please, and those who both instruct and please.

> Aut prodesse volunt aut delectare poetæ
> Aut simul et jucunda et idonea dicere vitæ.

The same division applies both to those who begin their lines with capitals or without them. And were this not the case, our author is entitled to a seat among the "*poetæ*," as well by the decidedly Ossianic character of his "Letters," as by his verses addressed to the villa of the Marquis Di Negro, where the same villa is most unceremoniously "cradled upon the sea."

> "Sweet villa, from the distant sea,
> Long cradled on its stormy breast,
> Thy green top kindly greeted me,
> The first sweet harbinger of rest," &c.

To the three classes enumerated by Horace, may be added another and very numerous one, which possesses the aforesaid requisites neither separately nor conjoined; a class, however, in which we do not include Mr. Headley, and hope Mr. Headley will not include us. The author of the "Letters from Italy" seems to be utterly unaware of the existence of the faculty which can blend instruction with delight, and make palatable the most abstruse statement or theory. This faculty, in its greatest perfection, is peculiar to minds cast in a kindred mould with those which have woven with times past, present, and to come, the names of Cicero and Bacon. But every solicitor for the attention of the community should endeavor to attain it to at least a small extent. But Mr. Headley, as he professes, labors solely to amuse, and begs pardon when he records any thing beyond his own impressions, or the current unprofitable gossip of the day; just as though a drop of useful information would curdle all his sweet fancies. We therefore rank the gentleman with those "qui delectare volunt." His little book is interspersed with numerous lively hints of men and manners; his words well, and even felicitously chosen. His vocabulary is choice, though not very extensive. He frequently succeeds like Pope, or his idol, the author of Childe Harold, in couching a poetic spark in a single epithet; but, unlike them, he can not kindle it to a flame. His Byronism is carried to such an extent as to make us question his ability to originate. Thus in the meditations upon the rock of Gibraltar:

> "Grand and gloomy it stood, and had stood while ages had slowly rolled away—*itself alone unchanged. It took no note of time, for time had not left its mark upon it.*"

What school-boy can fail to associate this with the apostrophe to Ocean? In letter xxviii we have the following:

> "There the dying gladiator had lain as the life stream ebbed slowly away, while his thoughts, far from the scene of strife, reckless who was the victor, were—"

With his young barbarians, and their Dacian mother of course. Yet only a few pages after, in letter xxx, we have the same verses done into prose again.

> "Over all the face is that dreamy expression, that shows the heart is far away amid other scenes. How natural he lies upon his arm, gradually sinking lower and lower, as the 'big drops ooze from the fountain of life!' I thought *of* Byron as I stood beside it."

You did, most unquestionably, and thought Byron too. And here is a cold hash of the lines to the Venus de Medici, served up to the gladiator.

> "I am vexed at the discussion of antiquaries about this statue. I care not whether it be a fancy piece, or a slave, or a Gallic herald, or a dying gladiator."

Was there ever such an adept in the glorious art of turning good poetry into bad prose? But, with the exception of the too frequent occurrence of the same word in description, as "the sun pencilling," "the Mediterranean pencilling," "*this* mountain pencilling," and "*that* mountain pencilling," and of "*would be*," as "perfect blackness *would be*," "a little urchin *would be*," &c., we consider Mr. Headley's style quite equal to Willis' in its present state of faded glory. We give his

description of the soldiers at mass in the church of San Lorenzo, Genoa, as a favorable specimen of his powers.

"The two ranks formed two lines reaching from the door up to the transept. At the word of command they wheeled, as one man, face to face, while the officers walked up slowly between them to the farther end, when they wheeled back, facing the altar. All was decorous and solemn as a New England church of a Sabbath morning, and those soldiers stood, with caps on and muskets to their breasts, under those noble arches, and amid those marble columns, as motionless as the marble itself, while a forest of steel glittered above their heads. Suddenly a little bell tinkled in the distance, and a priest entered. It tinkled again, and he advanced to the altar. The third time it broke the stillness, a low order passed up the ranks, when a thousand muskets came to the marble pavement with a clang that made my heart, for a moment, stop its beating. In a moment it was still again, and the long ranks bowed their heads upon their hands, while a low prayer arose on the stillness. It ceased, and suddenly, from under my very feet, twenty drums broke in, and *beat* a wild and hurried *beat*, so loud and startling that every stroke seemed to hit my brain. Again it was still, and the voice of prayer alone swelled through the temple. The appearance of that motionless army, the great contrast between the solemnity and silence of divine worship, and the noise of ringing steel and sound of martial music, combined to render the whole scene a succession of the most lively, yet conflicting emotions."

Mr. Headley is evidently puzzled whether to deprive the army of the good offices of religion or not. His hesitation surely can not arise from the superior virtue of the military portion of the community. The passage just quoted is defective in the vicinity of *moment* to *moment*, and in the "*beating* a wild and hurried *beat*;" but the following is happy beyond cavil.

"This morning I was awakened by that mysterious solemn chant, heard no where but in Catholic countries; rousing me out of my sleep while my room was yet dark, it had an indescribable effect upon my feelings. I jumped out of bed, and throwing open the shutters, beheld a funeral train winding along through one corner of our garden; their long wax tapers burning dimly in the grey twilight of morning. One of the peasantry had died, and the friends were bearing the corpse, wrapped in white, to a neighboring church. Females robed in white, with long white muslin shawls folded across the top of the head, and falling down over the top of their shoulders, accompanied the bier. The whole procession moved with a rapid step, while that strangely wild chant rose and fell, in regular cadences, on the air. It finally emerged from the vine-covered walks, and, passing rapidly a bridge that spanned a rivulet at the bottom of the garden, disappeared on the other side. I turned to my bed again, but not to sleep. The ghostly chant, awakening me out of my slumbers, had struck a superstitious cord in my heart, and that funeral train seemed to me like a visit and a warning from the spirit land, and left a sadness on me that I could not shake off."

But we hasten to the consideration of our three objections to the "Letters." Perhaps we are devoting too much time to these superficial productions, but let it be remembered that the book is a cheap one, and written in an alluring, dashing way. Machiavelli's maxim—"fortiter calumniari, aliquid adhiberet"—though a withering sarcasm, contains more or less of truth. Mr. Headley has asserted little in malice, but we must accuse him of the sin of intentional omission. With such publications as this is the public ear, to use a figure of Burke's, fly-blown; and if the insects can be eradicated before they have taken wing, a large amount of pernicious buzzing is prevented.

Mr. Headley's *self-devotion* is particularly conspicuous in the great pains he takes to exhibit, from the finest points of view, his ardent imagination. Mr. L——, late consul to Genoa, must feel himself under peculiar obligations to our author, who uses his matter-of-factness as the "foil" with which his own etherealism,

> ——"Like a star i' the darkest night,
> Sticks fiery off indeed."

What the antiquary's *phoca* was to young MacIntyre, Mr. Headley's fancy is to us; we meet it at every turn, until we heartily exclaim, with honest Hector, "*Confound* your phoca." On a visit to the old palace of the Prince Doria, Mr. L—— is thus forced to fulfil Hamlet's modest promise:

"But while my fancy, as is usual on such occasions, was gallopping off at tip-top speed, it was suddenly brought to a dead stand-still by L's quietly drawing himself up, and asking his attendant if he did not think the price asked for the old concern was entirely too high? Shade of Don Quixotte! how knights, and high born ladies, and fierce old crusaders scampered away at that question. I sat down and laughed until the old keeper thought I was demented."

This is too much. Had our Icarus sought out the old palace under a purely romantic impulse, we might have pitied his fall; but he was avowedly in quest of lodgings there. Again in the ascent of Vesuvius:

"As I sat on the edge of the crater, awed by the spectacle before me, our guide approached with some eatables and two eggs, that had been cooked in the steam issuing from one of the apertures we had passed. My friend (Mr. L——) sat down *very deliberately* to eat his. I took mine in my hand mechanically, but was too much absorbed in the actions of the sullen monster below me to eat. Suddenly there was an explosion, louder than any that had preceded, hurling a larger, angrier mass into the air. My hand involuntarily closed tightly over the egg, and I was recalled to my senses by my friend's calling out, *very deliberately* at my feet, to know what I was doing. I looked down, and there he sat, quietly picking the shell from his egg, while mine was running a miniature volcano over his back and shoulders. I opened my hand, and there lay the crushed shell, while the contents were fast spreading over my friend's broadcloth. I laughed outright, sacrilegious as it was."

Had he stopped here, all would have been very well. We should have attributed the catastrophe to a very pardonable nervousness excited by the red-hot scoria overhead. But no; that darling imagination did it all; for he continues:

"So much you see for the imagination you have so often scolded me about. While my friend, who took things more coolly, enjoyed not only the eating of his, but the consciousness of having eaten an egg boiled in the steam of Vesuvius."

Yet the loftiest flight of this imagination occurs in the description of a storm in the gulf of Genoa, where he says: "The waves no longer rolled, but ran; *they sprang without weight into the air, and threatened to overleap it.*" Here is a long-strided sublimity greater than any Homer or Longinus ever dreamed of. The rainbow leap of Juno's horses was nothing to it. But the conception of Horace will grate horribly upon an ear attuned to the melody of him who first fitted Italian strings to a Grecian lyre.

"But a truce to Horace. I like him not, and I never did. He always appears to my imagination like a little, thin, weasel-faced man, strutting slip-shod along, turning up his nose to mankind, and loving wine and women as much as the latter feared him."

Now we beg leave to say to Mr. Headley's fancies: "Procul, procul este profani." By all that is historical, Horace was corpulent, as Professor Anthon has taken the trouble to tell us. Call Juvenal "weasel-faced," if you will; the wanton massacre of Cluvienus warrants it: Juvenal poignards, and rubs with gall; Flaccus is the surgeon with a salve; there is a mercy in his satire,

Awakening without wounding the touched heart.

This is evidence Mr. Headley will not question. 'T is a pity he never read to the end of the stanza, the first lines of which, his "truce to Horace" is a paraphrase.

We now select a few instances of what we venture to call his "*dogmatism.*" By dogmatism, we do not mean any proneness to argument, but the arrogance with which he puts forth his opinions; he actually sits in judgment as though he were infallible. Thus in letter xxiv he says:

"In viewing the pageantries and senseless ceremonies in honor of St. Peter, I have wondered what the great apostle would have said had he foreseen it all; so now I felt that our Saviour must have turned in pity and disgust from such a ceremonial."

This ebullition has no argument in it to answer, or statement to disprove. The ceremonies of the Catholic church are senseless, therefore Catholicity is a farce; Catholicity is a farce, therefore its ceremonies are senseless. This is the logic with which a church of nineteen centuries is assailed.

He proceeds: "It was both a pageant and a farce combining all the magnificence that dazzles the crowd, and all the folly that makes the 'angels weep.'" The sentence is antithetical, and the "angels" are the select few, among whom Mr. Headley, by his complaint, of course enrolls himself. This is singular language for one to hold who is constantly endeavoring to appear republican; who asserts that the "*farce* of kings"—a tragedy rather—"must soon be over, and humanity regain her long withheld rights." Our author is, evidently, no politician; how much of a Christian will soon be seen. But we can not refrain from noticing here the facts from which he forms his estimate of Italian character, which furnish, as he promises, its best illustration. Mr. Headley is in a café over a cup of coffee;

enter a man and boy, with flute and violin, and a young woman with guitar, all from the mountains of Piedmont. The warbling of the "pretty Piedmontese" throws him into a "Rousseau-like" dream of existence, which is broken by a request for a "few sous." This occasions the following indignant burst: "Bah! Land of song! Yes, truly; but your inspiration is money." Inspiration usually precedes the inspired production; yet granting a contingency to be as effectual as a fee in possession, 'tis passing strange that in America the dollar has not been able to communicate a kindred inspiration. Is the glittering deity less potent here? Does he not reign at least equally supreme? Let the language of the American Law Reporter attest; if we may credit *it*, an injury offered to the person of an American citizen is more lightly visited than an insult to the head of the king of Spain stamped upon a Spanish dollar. But Mr. Headley sees a Neapolitan with two dancing dogs, some Swiss peasants, a boy and girl from the Savoy mountains, one singing, the other exhibiting a racoon, and an old woman asking alms. Mr. Headley mistakes altogether the old woman's supplication, which is: "I say, signore; I say, per carita——." Here follows an oath, which we will not repeat. Mr. Headley, unaccountably, considers it a trick played off upon her by our midshipmen. But in France, Spain, and particularly in Italy, the oath is but the synonyme for Englishmen, who, by their habitual swearing, have warranted the appellation. Well, after recording this, Mr. Headley declares that he gives us the best illustration of Italian character. Now if an Italian should arrive at Baltimore, and after wandering for some time about the streets, encounter a poor old creature with a bunch of flowers in one withered hand, and a prayer for charity in the other; a little Dutch girl selling matches; a team of circus horses trotting up Charles street; and after strolling up to Washington monument, and indulging a vein of sentimentality at its base, give his experience as the *best illustration* of American character, we should place him, as a tourist, precisely where we place Mr. Headley; and could the gentleman blame us? One more specimen, and we have done with this point. After rehearsing the blessings of liberty, he indulges in this soliloquy:

"Oh! when I think of the cursed tyranny man practises on man, the brutal chain power puts on genius, the slavery to which a crowned villain can and does subject the noblest souls that God lets visit the earth, I wish for a moment that *supreme* power were mine, that the wronged might be righted, and the noble, yet helpless, be placed beyond the reach of oppression and the torture of servility."

Then would the pumpkin swing from the oak tree, the acorn trail along the ground——

We come at last to the consideration of his bigotry. By bigotry we do not mean sectarian differences, but the practice of vehemently censuring doctrines and observances without taking the trouble to understand them. If after careful study and earnest prayer a man can not reconcile himself to a particular creed, or set of creeds, he can not in justice be styled a bigot. But to retail at second hand stale calumnies and stereotyped sneers—falsehoods which, though cut down, with hydra-like fecundity reproduce themselves—denotes a preference of fraud to truth. If a political bugbear is hard to lay, a religious one is doubly difficult. How often will you meet a gentleman of considerable acquirement, one who perhaps passes for a profound historian, deliberately asserting his belief in the gunpowder plot, though its existence is questioned in Peveril of the Peak, and scouted by Macaulay as a stigma on human credulity. The imprisonment and noted exclamation of Gallileo are still the essayist's staple, though completely disproved by his *own* letters; and one of the popes was a woman in spite of historical demonstration to the contrary. In vain has Dr. Lingard acquitted Catholicity, even in the eyes of an Edinburgh reviewer, from the *massacre* of St. Bartholomew's, it can not escape the imputation. English history is rapidly undergoing a change: a reaction has taken place: the partial current is growing clearer. But whilst Lingard, Hallam, and Macaulay are removing the misrepresentation produced by an Anticatholic mania, the mass of readers cling to Hume and Smollett. The historians are a little in advance of an age which can not bear the annihilation of old conceits which have become almost a part of its religion. In Mr. Prescott's exquisite narrative of the Conquest of Mexico, more distinctly marked than in Mr. Bancroft's history, we hail the dawn of American liberality. The Dominican friar, while playing a part equally

beneficial, is, strange to say, made equally interesting with the gentle Doña Marina. Mr. Prescott is just to the Catholic missionaries; but how his assimilation of the Puritans, with the Bible in one hand and the sword in the other, to the votaries of Mohammed, with the scimetar and the Koran, will be received in the latitude of Plymouth rock, is a little doubtful. But because one great historian has at times soared above the narrow prejudices of the age, we can not expect every sentimental tourist to do the same.

It would be tedious to select particular instances of Mr. Headley's bigotry: the book is full of them, and anticatholic from beginning to end. He had made up his mind that a Catholic country must be miserable, and the Catholic religion unproductive of good, before he touched the shores of Italy. The consequence was that he was constantly on the alert for something to carp at. Whether in the productions of nature or of art, in a landscape or a picture, we look for faults alone, while, blind to beauties, we are sure to find something to condemn. A jaundiced eye will create a blemish where none exists. To use Mr. Headley's data in forming an estimate of Italy, is to judge the canvass of Apelles by the boot: and whilst we allow our author's strictures upon certain hack drivers, we will not permit his censure—"*ultra crepidam.*" The following *soliloquy* will convey Mr. Headley's ideas of Christianity in general. The population of Rome has been spending Easter Sunday before the altar of St. Peter's, and, alas! the Coliseum is forgotten.

"No one has sought its falling corridors. The gladiatorial shows have been exchanged for popish ones, and the Roman eagle that flew over the old city has been smitten down by the cross, and pagan Rome has become Christian Rome. What revolutions time effects! His chariot wheels as they roll along drag down thrones and empires, and leave on their ruins a Christian emperor and a Christian government. They roll on, and *Christianity is stretched in the dust, and its fragments lie* scattered over the wreck of its foe. They wlll still roll on, and another scene is to be displayed on the ruins of both, and more glorious than either."

As in his descriptions of statuary and waterfalls, Mr. Headley invokes the author of Childe Harold—as among the ruins of Pompeii he calls aloud upon *Pliny* doubtless—for Chateaubriand among the ruins of Sparta, shouts to *Leonidas*—so here he follows in the footsteps of Gibbon, and sighs for the heathen splendor of the once proud mistress of the world. With writers of this class we have no sympathy. They would blot from the cross I. N. R. I., and engrave on the beak of the bird of Jove S. P. Q. R. And yet will they point to what particular period of Roman greatness or goodness they would revive? Is it the kingdom, the consulate, or the empire? Or should they all recur again in glorious succession? Is the renovation to begin with the rape of the Sabine women and the murder of Remus? Shall the daughter of Servius Tullius again compel her reluctant charioteer to drive on over the dead body of her father? Shall the amphitheatre again flow with human blood, and our youth be instructed to scream out in delight "habet?" Would they recall the days of Nero and of Domitian; the virtues of Cicero with the vices of Anthony and Fulvia? Renew the reigns of Galba and Adrian, and vivify the picture of Juvenal? Shall the infernal rites of Cotytto again be celebrated, and the edict of Aurelian blaze from the public building? Shall the censer swing to Heliogabalus or to Jove? Shall we hearken to the Stoic or to the Epicurean? Shall the morality of Cato be our example, and shall we be equally *liberal* to Hortensius? If the present age is thus dissolute, despite the influences of Christianity, God forbid it should be pagan entirely. But according to Mr. Headley's prophecy *Christianity is to be stretched in the dust.* The Christian church is to be annihilated. And a mortal is daring enough to predict that dissolution, when a superhuman voice pronounced "that the gates of hell should never prevail against her." But what is to succeed Christianity? Is it the age of unfettered reason?—the predominance of the god-like ME? or the principles of the world's convention? Must we study with George Combe how to regulate our phrenological development? But are we to govern the bumps or the bumps to govern us? The *me* must be able to direct, or why all the sage advice as to the best mode of direction? Then what is there to control and direct the *me active*, not passive? Is it self-sufficient? Yes, we are to school our bumps, and our bumps are to school us. We rely upon *reason;* but reason is an element of the *me*, we are therefore self-sufficient. But reason

melts in the flame of passion, and where then is the guiding rudder? The history of nations and of individuals proves reason an unequal match for passion; religion alone can vanquish the headlong impulses of our errant nature. The cup of hemlock was once the reward of virtue, but should Mr. Headley's profane prophecy be verified, there will be no Socrates to drink it.

After this confession of faith it will readily be believed that Mr. Headley sides with Mr. Mazzini and "young Italy." He is very eloquent upon the wrongs of the young Isola who was incarcerated for a time for executing a most seditious picture. Nor was the picture destroyed; but the artist was permitted to sell it to any body who would take it out of the country. "In Genoa," he says, "are still the elements of a republic." What elements? Mr. Mazzini's? The elements of a faction whose only element is destruction: of a set of sophists who would dissolve society into its original crudeness, and then build up a "pantheon for humanity:" who call Catholicity despotism and Protestantism anarchy: who hatch treason in the dark, leaving to bolder hands the accomplishment of their plots: who bring to the scaffold the brothers Bandiera and their fellow victims merely to furnish themselves, as it would seem, with material for a spirit-stirring address. The young Italy movement is allied in nothing to the American revolution. The government of Austria, which Mr. Mazzini denounces as "cold and immutable and infernal," is represented by better authority to be even paternal in its character. The leaders avow the principles of the French revolution; and does the red cap of the jacobin insure liberty? They may have Robespierre at the guillotine or Napoleon on the throne; but they will never have a Washington. Their principles are such as no Christian can conscientiously embrace. Their treachery, and perfidy, and cowardly policy, so different from our own glorious revolution, are calculated, when properly represented, to excite only contempt. Very seldom can the example of America be even properly imitated: we must take care not to praise a caricature, and be a little more wise than to assimilate a faction aiming at unbridled license to a nation striking for freedom.

In the neighborhood of Rome is an uncultivated lowland called the Campagna. Mr. Headley at once ascribes its barrenness to papal misgovernment; but we subjoin two extracts that ought to set him right upon this subject. The first we copy from, "Reminiscences of Rome by a member of the Arcadian academy."

"The desolate appearance of the Campagna is indignantly pointed at by several modern tourists as the result of pontifical tyranny? Did not their prejudice blind them to the truth they might learn from Pliny that, while paganism was still fostered by the imperial rulers of Rome, Latium, with its fifty cities, had almost become a noxious wilderness—from Lucan, that, even in his days, the 'Rus vacuum' might frequently be met with wherein no body would willingly pass the night; and from Tacitus that the Vatican, which in his time was not comprised within the city walls, was branded with infamy on account of *the notoriously bad quality of the air.*"*

The second may be found in the London Foreign Quarterly Review for April, 1833.

"Whence and how did the depopulation of the Campagna proceed?

"In the fifth century Rome, by the taking of the Vulsinii, and the overthrow of the Tuscan and Umbrian confederacy, forced a passage towards North Italy; whilst, in the south, she conquered Sicily from the Carthaginians. Then the male population of Rome became engaged in distant wars, and the cultivation of the country was abandoned to slaves; the patricians, the successful generals, and the enriched proconsuls, having accumulated property in large masses, turned fields into large parks and pasture grounds. The soil, given up to spontaneous vegetation, developed and increased deleterious emanations: the Pomptine marshes and other lowlands, the towns of which had been ruined by the Romans, became overflowed through the neglect of the drains, and we begin to find the unhealthiness of particular spots mentioned by writers. Cicero complains of the fevers that afflicted the plains of Rome. Livy speaks of the Roman soldiers encamped on the pestilential barren-grounds outside of the town, and Horace says of the month of August 'adducit febres testamenta que resignat.' The civil wars and proscriptions of Marius and Sylla, and of the tri-

* London, 1838, p. 20.

umvirates, must have greatly contributed to this by reducing the population with frightful rapidity. Towns disappeared; the fields of Latium and Etruria were left to slaves and soldiers, whilst the people of Rome were supplied with distributions of corn from the granaries of Africa and Sicily.

"Whatever may be the deficiencies of the papal administration, whatever we may think of the energies of the inhabitants, the extent of the unhealthy *maremme* (marshes) is not confined to the Papal States: the malaria does not stop either northward on the Tuscan frontiers, or southward on those of Naples. The fiend carries his devastations over the territories of half a dozen governments and principalities, from the Riviera of Genoa to the southern coast of Sicily. The government of Tuscany, for more than half a century past, has been confessedly the best in Italy, and especially prone to encourage agriculture, having freed it from the trammels of restrictions. The Tuscan people, too, are industrious and intelligent in their agricultural labors; there is no want of enterprise and capital among the proprietors, and yet the *maremme* of Tuscany is as extensive, as solitary, as unwholesome, as that of Rome."

The following facts connected with the supposed decrease of the population of Rome, we gather from the same article in the Foreign Quarterly. Rome was bequeathed to the popes with a population not exceeding thirty-five thousand. The removal of Clement VI to Avignon reduced it to seventeen thousand. The return of Gregory XI, in 1377, was followed by an increase which continued to the time of Leo X, when we find the numbers sixty thousand. The sack of Rome by Bourbon's army in 1527 again reduced the population to thirty-three thousand. Recovering under Sixtus V, the "restorer of the public peace," it preserved a steady increase until the beginning of the last century, when it had risen to one hundred and thirty-eight thousand, having more than quadrupled in one hundred and fifty years. In 1775 it rose to one hundred and sixty-five thousand, the highest point it ever reached in modern times. In 1795, just previous to the French revolutionary invasion, it was nearly as great; when the revolts in the Campagna, the violent removal of Pius VI, the unheard of exactions of the French generals, the dispersion of the court and clergy, worked a decrease of nearly one fifth in ten years. In 1805 Pius VII filled the pontifical throne, but the second French invasion came in 1808, and another violent removal of the papal court and clergy in 1809. This produced a still farther falling off of twelve thousand in five years. The restoration of Pius and the central government in 1814, soon produced its wonted effect on the population, which rose next year to one hundred and thirty-eight thousand. The census of 1831 gives one hundred and fifty thousand six hundred and sixty-six. Such eloquent statistics need no comment, but we give the reviewer's own conclusion: "The above authentic statements, we conceive, will set at rest the question about the pretended progressive decrease of the Roman population and its causes. The populousness and comparative prosperity of modern Rome, have been ever closely dependent on the residence and independence of its government."

We had intended to notice the charitable institutions of Rome, in the number and efficacy of which she so much excels all other cities. But they will be found accurately enumerated and described in the appendix to Baron Geramb's "Letters from Italy," to which truly beautiful and instructive work we would invite the reader's attention. Mr. Headley only once descends to statistics, and that was once too often. He says:

"The morals of the inhabitants of Tivoli may be gathered from the fact that, in the year 1838, out of a population of seventeen thousand, there were brought before the magistrate of the district fifteen hundred cases of fights during the year, one hundred and eighty persons dangerously wounded, and twenty-two killed."

Whether Mr. Headley consulted the records of Tivoli criminal court, does not appear: it is much more probable that here, as usual, he relied upon his cicerone. But how fallacious is it to estimate the morality of a city or of a district by the events of a single year. Suppose we estimate the morality of Philadelphia by the orgies of the summer of '44, or the character of Delaware county by recent events, will any one obtain a fair idea of the ordinary comportment of those two places? In one of the "Letters" is the assertion, that the pope administers extreme unction to those he employs

in illuminating the dome of St. Peter's, so perilous is the operation. The sacrament is never administered but in cases of impending death *from sickness*, and Mr. Headley must be mistaken. It is a little singular he should deem so trifling an item worthy of record, yet make no mention of the numerous and excellent eleemosynary institutions of modern Rome.

The "Letters from Italy" have been reviewed in the September number of the Democratic Review. Mr. Tuckerman is much more liberal than our author, but we do not entirely relish the tone of his article. And we think that he rather overrates our author's powers. In our opinion Mr. Headley would succeed at something between the "Dashes at Life," and "the Charcoal Sketches," but not in portraying the "Heroes of History," for Mr. Headley himself would be the hero of them all.

THE AUTUMN BLAST.

BY MRS. ANNA H. DORSEY.

It comes, the autumn blast,
Rushing in sadness past,
And tears the trembling leaves away
That cling to the dark and withered spray;
What heeded it, that the summer air
Had nestled with whispering music there,
That the black-bird's note, from amidst the shade,
Gushed forth at the hour when sunbeams fade?
What cared that blast that the autumn sky
Had tinged those leaves with a regal die,
That they brightened and glowed, though fading still,
And made strange light on the lonely hill?

Cease, cease, O wind, thy song;
Go battle with the strong!
Spare lowly things—the bud, the flower—
Hie thee to some mountain for thy dower,
Where dark pines quiver beneath the blast,
And the craggy rocks are loosening fast;
Where the black clouds, like a marshalled throng,
March to the notes of thy shrill wild song;
Go wear, like a conqueror, on thy breast
The pitiless eagle's blood-stained nest;
Scatter his royal plumes on the blast,
That all may know where the victor passed.

Thou art, thou art like death,
With thy destroying breath;
The most beloved, and the fairest thing,
Bow silently down beneath thy wing,
Or, hurled on the waves of some dark river,
Are borne from our aching eyes for ever!
The vines, clinging round the household door,
Now shelter that holy place no more;

And the tree, beneath whose kindly shade
The children at sunset gladly played,
Hath yielded its faded leaves to thee;
They add new mirth to thy stormy glee.

I pray with many a tear,
Hear, wintry blast, O hear!
It answered me with a loud hurra,
And dashed my tears on the earth like spray,
And swept along to the dark wild wave
That covers the seaman's stormy grave,
And shaded the sea with a tempest dun,
And shrieked in scorn at the minute-gun,
And thought it a brave and mirthful sound—
The mariner's cry, when his barque went down—
It rushed along, and the billows high
Leaped madly up to the troubled sky.

It will slumber, that blast!
Like life's tempests, at last,
And the failing soul that hath clung too close
To the household tree, like a withered rose,
And seeked not the thorn that pierced its heart,
Or the tears that pressed its leaves apart,
Will wither beneath the north wind's breath,
And, shiv'ring, float on the waves of death;
But not like roses and leaves that, tossed
On some wild shore, are for ever lost;
But, borne along, it will reach that clime
Where harp-strings, touched by the angels, chime;
Where storms are hushed, and the wave grows bright,
And time wears not on his golden flight;
Then quail not, mourner, beneath life's blast;
Thy soul will rest when the tempest's past.

October 30th, 1845.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE MOST REV. JOHN CARROLL,

FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE.

BY B. U. CAMPBELL.

Continued from page 260.

THE last number of these memoirs* it was stated that the Rev. Mr. Carroll, in his character of spiritual superior, had left Maryland on the 22d of September, 1785, to visit the Catholic congregations in Pennsylvania, New York, and the Jerseys, and to impart to them, for the first time, the sacrament of confirmation.

* In the April number of this Magazine.

In pursuance of the plan adopted by the writer, of attempting a brief history of each congregation, from its commencement to the period of Rev. Mr. Carroll's first visit, he devoted the whole of the last article to a sketch of the Catholic congregations, and their founders, in the state of Pennsylvania; and it is his intention to attempt here a similar view of the introduction and progress of the Catholic religion in the state of New York, down to the time of Rev. Mr. Carroll's arrival there. Im-

perfect as this performance is, it may be acceptable to such as take an interest in the early history of our country, and especially to Catholics, whose religion and institutions have received so small a share of attention, and so little justice from writers on American history. With the hope* that some one better qualified may undertake a history of the Catholic church in America, he offers these gleanings as contributions to that object, and solicits further information from those who possess it, to supply his deficiencies, and to correct his errors.

In sketching the history of the early missions in Maryland and Pennsylvania, he has been favored with many precious and original documents, by his reverend friends of Georgetown college, and with facilities that made him regret his inability to do justice to them. But for the history of Catholicity in New York, he had not the same resources, as, in fact, no such materials exist. But in the noble library of the same institution he found rare books, important especially for illustrating the history of early Catholic missions among the Indians, which he should have sought in vain in our public libraries.

The early history of the Catholic church in the city and state of New York presents more striking incidents than are to be found in that of any other portion of the United States; and yet, until the indefatigable and impartial Bancroft wrote the xxth chapter of his history, no writer in our language had presented to the world a comprehensive history of American missions—consecrated by labors, and sanctified by the blood of martyrs—worthy of the apostolic age.

As if Almighty God would show, by this means, how impotent and vain are the efforts of the enemies of his holy faith, to impede its progress, it has been reserved for the state of New York—where Catholic missionaries had been put to the most cruel tortures, and had suffered death for the faith—to exhibit the largest Catholic population of any of the states of the republic.

It would startle some of the "natives" of the American Venice to be told that a Catholic priest had been publicly hanged in the streets of the city of New York scarce a century ago; yet such was the fact, the particulars of which will be given in the next number of these memoirs.

Coeval with the attempts of France to colonize Canada, were the efforts of zealous missionaries to carry the faith, and plant the cross of Christ, among the barbarous natives who dwelt upon the borders of the lakes that flow into the St. Lawrence.

The hostility of the powerful confederacy known as the Five Nations* to France, which commenced with the first expedition of Champlain into New York, presented, for a long time, an insuperable obstacle to the pious designs of the Catholic missionaries. Bancroft asserts that the first priest who visited western New York was Father Le Caron, a recollect, or Franciscan friar: it was to clergy of this order that the first missions of Canada were entrusted. But in 1632 Jesuits were assigned to the important work. As early as 1634 they had traversed the wilderness on the north side of the St. Lawrence, a distance of

*This hope has been realized, in part, in Rev. Dr. Spalding's History of the Catholic Missions in Kentucky, &c., and in some very interesting articles which appeared anonymously in the Catholic Cabinet, lately published at St. Louis. It is to be hoped the author of the article on "Early Missions in the West," which appeared in the June number of that work, will continue his interesting notes.

*The confederacy of the Five Nations, called by the French the Iroquois, consisted of the tribes of the Mohawks, the Oneidas, the Onondagas, the Cayugas, and the Senecas. The date of their first confederation is unknown, and their early history is obscured by fabulous tradition. When Champlain arrived in Canada he found them united in a war against the Adirondacks, or Algonquins, and as he settled in the country of the latter, he accompanied them in one of their hostile incursions, and by the assistance of the French a body of the Five Nations was defeated. From this interference of Champlain sprang the hostility of the Five Nations to France. The arrival of the Dutch in New York, about the same period, put the Indians in possession of fire-arms, which enabled them to defeat their Indian foes. The subsequent arrival of the English led to an alliance between them and the Five Nations, which continued long after the overthrow of the French power in Canada. The several tribes had their separate governments, but were united for objects in which the general welfare was concerned. This union gave them power beyond that of any of the native race in America, and preserved them, as a body, for a longer period. They held such authority over other tribes in their neighborhood, as to exact tribute from them down to a late period. They exterminated some tribes who resisted them, and had the policy to adopt into their tribes such of their conquered enemies as they elected, on whom all the privileges which they enjoyed themselves were conferred.

The Mohawk tribe were the head, and the most renowned warriors of the confederacy, and their name struck terror into their foes. They long occupied the lovely valley of the Mohawk river, from Schenectady to Oriskany. The Senecas, who were the most western nation of the confederacy, extended to the country near the Falls of Niagara. In the year 1712 the Tuscaroras of North Carolina were aggregated to the original confederacy, which was afterwards known in history as the Six Nations.

three hundred leagues, and planted the cross among the Hurons. Here, separated from all the associations of civilized life, they offered themselves to God, for the salvation of souls, and made their abode amongst the barbarians of the forest.

"Within thirteen years," says Bancroft, "this remote wilderness was visited by forty-two missionaries, members of the Society of Jesus, besides eighteen others, who, if not initiated, were yet chosen men, ready to shed their blood for their faith. Twice or thrice a year they all assembled at St. Mary's; for the rest of the time they were scattered through the infidel tribes."*

Whilst numerous converts were made among the Hurons, and congregations organized at different stations, extending to the shores of Lake Superior, the New York Indians, the fierce warriors of the Five Nations, or, as they were called by the French, the Iroquois, maintained a haughty superiority over all the other tribes within their reach, and pursued the Hurons with an untiring hostility. So completely did they maintain their mastery, that the great highway of the lakes was closed against the French and their allies, and the intercourse between Quebec and the missionaries in the country of the Hurons, was by the Ottawas river and the wilderness. The St. Lawrence was not safe from the restless Iroquois; and it was within two days' journey from Montreal that they made captives of a party of Hurons with the holy man, F. Jogues, who was destined to be the first Catholic priest in the valley of the Mohawk, at Albany, and in the city of New York.

Father Isaac Jogues, a native of France, and a priest of the Society of Jesus, had been assigned to the missions of Canada, where he arrived in 1636. In the same year he took up his abode among the Hurons, among whom he labored in his sacred ministry until June, 1642, when he was sent to Quebec on business of importance to the Huron missions. After a toilsome journey of thirty-five days, he reached Three Rivers, proceeded to Quebec, and remained there fifteen days. Having finished his business, he set out for Three Rivers, on 1st August, to return to the Huron country. His party consisted of forty persons, among whom were four Frenchmen and a distinguished Huron chief, named Ahasistari, who had become a pious Christian, and had taken the name of Eustace. On the second day, while pursuing their journey in canoes, they were attacked by a party of Iroquois, overpowered, and most of them captured. Four of the Hurons were killed in the conflict. Father Jogues could have escaped, but unwilling to abandon his companions, among whom were several Huron converts, he determined to remain with them, and share their fate, in hope of assisting them with the sacraments before death, which it was presumed awaited them. After being treated in the most cruel manner, F. Jogues, with a young novice named René Goupil, were compelled to embark with their captors, and, during a voyage of ten days by water, he suffered intensely, not only from his wounds, which were entirely neglected, but also from hunger, extreme heat, and the threats of the Iroquois. But the journey by land was marked by cruelties the description of which harrows the heart. Wounded, and exhausted with fatigue and hunger, the good father and his fellow prisoners were compelled to run the gaunlet at every village they came to.

Having at length reached the resting place of the savages, the banks of the Mohawk river in the state of New York, they were permitted to rest for several days. The chiefs at first proposed to take the French to Three Rivers, and deliver them to their countrymen for a ransom; but they abandoned this intention, and F. Jogues and the pious René Goupil were allotted to some Iroquois families who had lost relations in war. Goupil was detected in making the sign of the cross upon the forehead of an Indian child. The child's father ordered him to be put to death; "for," said he, "the Dutch have told us this sign is foolish, and may cause my child some harm." Father Jogues, having learned the impending danger, had withdrawn the pious Goupil to a grove near the village, and acquainted him with the dangers that surrounded them. Kneeling down together, they joined in fervent prayer, and, reciting the rosary of the Blessed Virgin, they disposed themselves cheerfully to meet death. As they were walking on their return to the village, two savages met them, and, with an axe, struck off the head of the younger Frenchman, whose last word was

† Vol. iii, p. 128.

the holy name of Jesus. Overwhelmed with grief, F. Jogues threw himself upon the lifeless body of his friend and companion, and only left it by the compulsion of the savages. The death of Goupil was on 29th of September, 1642. In the beginning of the winter of that year, F. Jogues was given to a family to serve them in their hunting expeditions, and he remained with them during two months. His master ordered him to cut wood for the fires, and this labor, which he performed with the greatest humility, left him some time for retirement and prayer. After having furnished as much wood as would serve for the day and night, he withdrew to a retired spot, where, having erected a cross, he spent many hours before it in converse with God, kneeling in the snow during the greater part of the time. With no other shelter than the trees of the forest, he passed forty days in these pious exercises, until the Indians, suspecting him of evil designs against them, broke his cross, called him a sorcerer, and treated him with renewed harshness. Being permitted to return with some old men to their village, he left the hunting party, and, with a heavy load of provisions which they obliged him to carry, he set out, during the snows of December, without shoes to his feet, and with scant clothing, to perform a journey of near a hundred miles. After experiencing fresh cruelty, he was returned to his first employers. During this season, he had the happiness of visiting the Huron captives, who were distributed among three Iroquois villages; and he exhorted them to remain steadfast to their faith; and heard their confessions. His virtues, at length, excited the admiration of the Indian family with which he lived, and procured him kinder treatment. In the spring of 1643, he accompanied them to the fishery, and was required to procure wood for their fires, as before. Being left alone for great part of the day, he found great relief in the stillness of his present place of abode, and, with the branches of some fir-trees, he made a little chapel, in which he erected a cross, and employed himself in prayer for the greater part of the day. His peace was disturbed by new attempts against his life, from which, however, God protected him. Towards the end of April, a chief of another nation arrived among the Mohawks, and offered presents as a ransom for Ondesson, as the Indians had named Father Jogues. They accepted the presents, but refused to liberate the good father, treating him, however, with more consideration than before. After being severely wounded, and having narrowly escaped death at the hands of a madman, who attacked him suddenly, he was urged, by a kind Indian woman of the family in which he resided, to attempt an escape. But a party of Iroquois were about setting out on a visit to the nations tributary to them, and they took F. Jogues along, to exhibit him as a trophy of their prowess in battle with Europeans. This visit afforded him opportunities for exercising his charitable ministry. He visited the different cabins, administering the sacrament of baptism, and making known the word of God, and found the fruits of his pious labors more than a compensation for his toilsome journey of twenty leagues. On his return, he was sent, with some fishermen, a distance of six or eight leagues to a Dutch settlement—Albany. The Hollanders offended the Indians very much by offering to facilitate the father's escape, and, as they were exorbitant in the amount of ransom they required, it was doubtful whether he would not have to return into bondage. In an attempt to escape by night, he was attacked and bitten very severely by a dog. Having, however, reached the shore of the Hudson very early in the morning, with great difficulty he launched a small boat which the tide had left on the shore, and reached a Dutch ship then lying in the river; here he was secreted by the sailors. The Indians on shore, enraged at the escape of their captive, the price of whose ransom they held very high, threatened to consume the whole settlement, unless he was restored to them. F. Jogues, unwilling to be the cause of injury to his benefactors, insisted upon delivering himself up; but the sailors of the vessel declared he should not, let the consequences be what they might. In this dilemma, it was agreed that the Dutch should pay the Indians one hundred pieces of gold, which was done: but F. Jogues was obliged to remain in concealment, under very inconvenient circumstances, and he suffered so much from wounds received from the dog, that, but for the attention of a skilful surgeon, he would have died.* Information having

*In an account of the Maquaas Indians, written in 1644 by John Megapolensis, jr., minister in New

reached Manhattan (New York) of the situation of F. Jogues, the governor kindly invited him to repair thither, and desired to have him brought to his house. A vessel being then ready to depart for the city of New York, he was joyfully received by the captain, who fired a salute in his honor, and who also provided him with some clothing, and he was welcomed with joy by the honest settlers of New Amsterdam. Father Jogues was the first priest who visited the now city of New York, of whom we have any account. He met there a Catholic woman, who was a Portuguese, and a Catholic Irishman, whose confession he heard. This man gave him some information about the Jesuit missionaries in Virginia,* one of whom had lost his life in his efforts to convert some Indians in Virginia. About the first of November, 1643, he embarked at New York in a vessel bound for Holland. After much suffering from want of provisions and the cold weather, they arrived on the coast of England, from whence he took passage in a French collier, bound to the coast of Brittany, where he landed on the morning of Christmas day, and immediately repaired to the church, and, having assisted at the celebration of mass, he approached the sacrament of penance, and received the holy communion, with transports of joy. Proceeding thence to the city of Reunes on the 15th of January, 1644, where the Jesuits had a college, he was welcomed by his brethren with the greatest joy. At Paris, he was presented to the queen, by her request. She kissed his wounded hands, and expressed her compassion at the marks of Indian cruelty which he bore on his person.† The good father was careful to remit to his Dutch liberators at Albany, the hundred pieces of gold which they had paid for his ransom.‡ During his captivity among the Indians, Father Jogues had baptized sixty persons.

Netherlands, is the following notice of F. Jogues. "Last year, our Indians got a great booty from the French, on the river St. Lawrence, and took three Frenchmen, one of whom was a Jesuit: they killed one, but the Jesuit, whose left thumb was cut off, and all the nails and pieces of his fingers were bitten we released and sent him to France by a yacht which was going to Holland."—*Hazard's State Papers*, vol. i, p. 522.

* At this period the English Jesuits, who had been driven from Maryland during Ingle and Claiborne's insurrection, found refuge in Virginia, where they remained in concealment for several months.

† "Relation de ce qui c'est passe," &c.

‡ Creuxius.

The particular nation by whom he had been captured and held in bondage was the Mohawks, who were called by the French the Agniers, and by the Dutch, Maquas, and were the most warlike of all the tribes. They were "the head of the extended confederacy of the Five Nations,"* and occupied the beautiful country along the valley of the Mohawk,† the lowest of their three castles being very near Schenectady, and Canajoharie being the central one.

The kind of service required of F. Jogues, gave him good opportunities for visiting different portions of their country, and of learning their language, with which, as well as the Huron, he had become so well acquainted as to speak freely to the savages. It would appear from Father Jogues' letter‡ that he found but two Catholics on the island of Manhattan. In 1644, Father Bressani, a native of Rome, another Jesuit priest, reached New York. Bancroft says of him, that he was

"Taken prisoner while on his way to the Hurons; beaten, mangled, mutilated; driven, bare-foot, over rough paths, through briers and thickets, scourged by a whole village; burned, tortured, wounded, and scarred. He was eye-witness to the fate of one of his companions who was boiled and eaten; yet some mysterious awe protected his life, and he too was, at last, humanely rescued by the Dutch."§

He was so crippled as to be accounted of very little use for any purpose of labor, and was given to an old Indian woman, to whose family his presence was disagreeable, on account of his mutilated and disfigured appearance. She took him to Albany and sold him to the Dutch, who treated him kindly. The governor, William Kieft, gave him a letter, recommending him to the favor of all Christian people, and especially to all officers of Holland; it is dated at New Amsterdam, 20th September, 1644.‖ A vessel being found going to Europe, he embarked in her, and arrived in France.

After spending about four months in France, Father Jogues embarked again, on the 16th

* Col. Stone's Life of Brant.

† "Than which the country scarce affords a more beautiful region."—*Ibid.*

‡ In Tanner.

§ Hist. U. S., vol. iii, p. 134.

‖ Creuxius, p. 403.

of May, 1644, for the scenes of his former labor in America. Soon after his arrival he was sent to treat with the Iroquois; and a peace was concluded. Then "was exhibited what never had before been seen in Canada since the arrival of the French; the Iroquois, the Hurons, and the Algonquins, mixed together in the chase, with equal concord, as if they composed the same nation."*

In this state of calm, hopes were entertained of Christianizing the Indians. Father Jogues, having, as envoy, been hospitably received by the Mohawks and Onondagas, recommended the establishment of a permanent mission among the Five Nations. But as he alone knew the Mohawk dialect, and the country and habits of this fierce people, he was designated as the founder of that mission.

The calm which had ensued, upon their treacherous peace, was but the forerunner of scenes of the greatest atrocity. In company with a pious young Frenchman, Father Jogues departed for the country of the Mohawks. "*Ibo et non redibo,*"—"I shall go, but shall never return,"—were his words of farewell.† On his arrival "at the Mohawk castles he was received as a prisoner, and, against the voice of the other nations, was condemned by the grand council of the Mohawks as an enchanter, who had blighted their harvest."‡ He met death tranquilly. "His head was hung upon the palisades of the village, his body thrown into the Mohawk river."§ His companion shared the same fate.

Thus fell the first apostle of New York, in October, 1647. He was, says his biographer,‖ a true prodigy of patience and of love for his neighbor. Born at Orleans in France, he entered the Society of Jesus in the 22d year of his age, with the hope of being sent to barbarous nations, and of suffering much among them. He first solicited ardently to be sent upon the missions of Ethiopia, but, being disappointed in that wish, he asked for the mission of Canada, which he obtained after the third year of his theological course, in the year 1636. Using as the patron of his prayer and mission, Father Charles Spinola, who suffered death at the stake in Japan for his faith—he always carried his effigy in his bosom.¶

After six years' service among the Hurons he fell, as we have seen, into the hands of the Mohawks. While yet a prisoner at Albany, he commenced a letter to his provincial, preserved in Tanner, which contains a very interesting account of his captivity, and of the country, &c. of the Iroquois. The narrative in "Relation de ce qui c'est passé en la Mission des Peres de la Compagnie de Jesus," &c., which has been consulted in this memoir, may be given to the readers of this Magazine in a future number.

Soon after the death of Father Jogues the Iroquois made an irruption into the country of the Hurons, and destroyed the Christian settlements, murdering, with the most shocking barbarities, many of the people and their pastors, and carrying into captivity many of the Hurons, some of whom they adopted into their own tribes. By thus bringing into their own country many Christian Indians, they led to the establishment of an humble church in western New York, long before a priest or Catholic congregation existed on the eastern or southern part of that state.

The destruction of the Huron missions took place in 1648, and it was not until 1654 that a peace was concluded. In that year Father Le Moine visited the Onondagas, in which tribe the chief civil power of the Five Nations resided.* He found many Hurons who had retained their faith, and they were overjoyed to see a priest again. They approached the sacrament of penance, and brought their children to be baptized. Father Le Moine congratulated himself upon recovering, from the hands of the barbarians—who had put to death the holy missionaries, Father J. Brebeuf and Father Charles Garnier—a copy of the New Testament, which had been the constant companion of the former, and a small book of devotions that had belonged to the latter. These little memorials had been rescued from the flames to which their owners had been consigned, and were regarded by Father Le Moine as precious relics. He found among the Onondagas no less than one thousand Christians of the captive Hurons, whose steady faith and fervent piety greatly edified him.

The residence of the Onondagas was the valley of the Oswego. In the next year two

* Heriot's History of Canada, pp. 62–3.
† Bancroft. ‡ Ib. § Ib. ‖ Tanner. ¶ Ib.

* Col. Stone's Life of Red Jacket, and Life of Brant.

missionaries, Chaumonot, an Italian priest, who had long served the Huron missions, and Claude Dablon, were welcomed at Onondaga, where they preached to the whole people, who immediately built them a chapel, "and there, in the heart of New York, the solemn services of the Roman church were chanted as securely as in any part of Christendom."* Farther west, where the beautiful Lake Cayuga stretches from Ithaca to the Seneca river, a Christian chapel was erected; and the pious and intrepid missionary, René Mesnard, imparted the sacred mysteries to the Cayuga nation. The faith was likewise preached to the Oneidas, whose country was that around the lake which bears their name, and the head of the Mohawk river. Chaumonot visited the Seneca nation in 1657. This was the most populous tribe of the confederacy, and occupied the fertile lands between the beautiful lake that bears their name and the Falls of Niagara.†

"The Jesuit priests published their faith from the Mohawk to the Genesee, Onondaga remaining the central station."‡ But although Father Le Moine took up his abode among the Mohawks, that fierce people did not encourage the propagation of the Christian religion in their country. But several converts having been made, nevertheless, these—who were distinguished by the names of the praying Indians, and Caughnawagas§—emigrated to Canada about 1671, and having made a settlement near Montreal, their descendants preserve their Indian character, and live in the practice of the Catholic religion to the present day.

The Onondagas, the Oneidas, and the Cayugas,‖ were more favorably disposed to Christianity than either the Senecas or Mohawks. The large number of Christian Hurons who remained in captivity among the Onondagas, must have edified by their good example, and assisted by their prayers, those who held them in bondage. Father Le Moine, who visited Onondaga again in 1662, was much interested with his flock. The "*Relation de ce qui c'est passé*" says:

"One of the greatest consolations of the father was to receive many poor Huron captives, who came, almost naked, from the neighboring villages to perform their devotions in Onondaga; they left Oiogoen and Onneiout (Oneida) under pretence to go to purchase or sell some goods in the country, having their hearts wholly fixed on those of heaven. This captive church is an image of that which exists in the hidden church in England (l'Eglise cacheé d'Angleterre), where our fathers, in the disguise of merchants, carry on a precious traffic for eternity. The example of the servants touches the masters, and induces some of them to come for instruction, furnishing the father a very agreeable occupation for both."*

Smith, in his History of New York, says: In 1725 a priest resided among the Onondagas. As late as the year 1694 the Oneidas had a priest living with them. He was Father Milet. Having resided in their nation for many years, and conformed to their mode of life, as much as was consistent with his profession, the Oneidas had become so much attached to him that they not only refused to part with him, at the solicitation of the other nations, but raised him to the rank of a sachem. He had great influence over them, and accompanied them in their councils or treaties with the French and English.

Such is an imperfect outline of the earliest Catholic missions of New York. During the time the Dutch held possession, they do not appear to have opposed the ministry of the Jesuits very strenuously; but after New Netherlands became New York, the English governors were very decided in their opposition to these missionaries.

The competition between France and England, for the fur trade of the north and northwest, led to frequent collisions between their officers; and, what was less creditable to these commercial rivals, induced them to tamper with the savages, and stimulate the different tribes to hostilities, marked with the usual shocking barbarities of savage warfare. The histories of Canada and New York exhibit both acute diplomacy and active and enterprising adventures, which developed characters suited for the noblest achievements. While French enterprise explored the lakes to the north-western limits of Superior and Michi-

* Bancroft. † Colden. ‡ Bancroft.
§ Their settlement was probably near Fonda.
‖ Colden's History of Five Nations, p. 47, 2d edit.

* Relation, &c. 1662, p. 68.

gan, and thence discovered and navigated the Mississippi, from the falls of St. Anthony to the Gulf of Mexico, the different English colonies were strengthening themselves upon the Atlantic. The northern and north-western parts of the state of New York became the battle-ground of the colonies of the two rival powers, and their respective Indian allies. The great facilities for trade which New York possessed, by her proximity to the sea, and by possessing the grand highway of the Hudson river, made her a formidable rival to the whole power of Canada. But as the two colonies were not always at liberty to decide the question of supremacy in commercial monopoly by open warfare, their ingenuity was exerted to secure the dependence of the different nations of Indians upon them. It was owing to this restless rivalry, more than to the ancient antagonism of their respective parent countries, that a feeling of bitter hostility to the French grew up with the early English colonists. It found a suitable field for its exercise in the French and Indian war of the middle of the last century, and was only extinguished by the capture of Quebec by the English, and their possession of Canada.

The contests with the French in Canada were peculiarly unfortunate for, and unfavorable to the few English and Irish Catholics who sought an asylum in America from the heartless tyranny which persecuted them at home. The bigoted and persecuting spirit which seemed natural to the fanatics who controlled some of the colonial governments, was inflamed by the consideration that their only Christian enemy was the Catholic colony of a Catholic prince.

Where bigots seek to persecute, they have no difficulty in finding pretexts, as our own times can prove. Calumny has always been the worst enemy that Catholics have had to contend against. Even the liberal and high-minded of other persuasions, in time, become impressed unfavorably, when sanctimonious slanderers repeat, without ceasing, their innumerable calumnies. Modern British history has been said to be a conspiracy against truth, where the Catholic religion is concerned; and the early history of the English colonies is, unfortunately, no exception to the aphorism. It was this spirit that represented the laudable attempts of the French Jesuit missionaries to convert the Indian tribes to Christianity as so many schemes of France, to prejudice the English commercial and political interests; and the same spirit finally led to the enactment and enforcement, in New York, of laws against Catholics.

It was, no doubt, owing to the excited anti-catholic feeling of the times, that the early historians of New York furnish but few details of the Jesuit missions among the Indians, and speak so unfavorably of those devoted men who exemplified, in their lives and career, the purest Christian virtues, and the most heroic acts of martyrdom. A modern historian, whose opportunities for information were unsurpassed, has permitted his bigotry to stain the page of history with the following falsehoods.

"The Jesuits preached not to their Indian auditors the doctrines that most deeply wound the pride of human nature, nor a rigid system of morality, which the conduct of the great mass of its nominal votaries practically denies and disgraces. They required of their converts but a superficial change: the adoption of one superstition in place of another."*

The letters of those devoted and self-denying men, written from the fields of their labor, in all the simplicity and freshness of truth, describe the exemplary virtues and tender piety of thousands of converts among the Huron and other tribes, in terms to furnish examples for emulation to Christians born and reared in the midst of religious society in the old world. Many of these writers, after inculcating the purest doctrines of the Gospel, mingled their own, with the blood of their converts, rather than leave them unaided with the graces of the sacraments, when dying amid the flames of their villages. Their last exhortations were to forgive their murderers, and their expiring sighs were breathed in prayers for those who were torturing them to death.†

The court of France represented to the English king how unbecoming it was for a Christian people to oppose the missionaries in their endeavors to bring these fierce barbarians to the knowledge of the Christian faith; and

* Grahame's United States, vol. ii, p. 211.

†See "Lettres Edifiantes," and "Relation de ce qui c'est passe en la Mission des Peres de la Compagnie de Iesus aux Hurons, pays de la Nouvelle France, es annees 1648 and 1649. Paris, MDCL.

King James, with a benevolence that did him honor, but which was not appreciated by his subjects in New York, directed that the Jesuits should be encouraged, rather than opposed, by his governor in that country, who, it appears, did not enter fully into the views of his sovereign. Smith says of him:

"Dongan surpassed all his predecessors, in a due attention to our affairs with the Indians, by whom he was highly esteemed. It must be remembered, to his honor, that though he was ordered by the duke to encourage the French priests who were come to reside among the natives, under pretence of advancing the *popish* cause, but in reality to gain them over to a French interest; yet he forbade the Five Nations to entertain them. The Jesuits, however, had no small success."*

But while he was unwilling that the French missionaries should reside among the New York Indians, he was not unmindful of the duty of furnishing them Christian teachers, as we find by his speech to the Five Nations at Albany, on the 5th of August, 1685, in which he desires them not to receive any French priest among them, and informs them that *he had sent* for English priests, with whom they might be supplied to their content.†

No history that has come under the observation of the writer, mentions the existence of a Catholic congregation in the city of New York, before the revolutionary war. Nor that a priest resided there before John Ury in 1740. But in the Roman catalogue of the members of the Society of Jesus, an extract of which was kindly furnished by Rev. G. Fenwick of Worcester, Massachusetts, the names of three priests of the Society of Jesus are recorded as in New York, between 1683 and 1696. F. Thomas Harvey is the first mentioned. He was a native of London, born in 1635, and is stated to have been in New York from 1683 to 1690, was in Maryland in 1693, and again in New York, 1696. He died in Maryland at the age of eighty-four in 1719.‡ He was joined, in 1685, by F. Henry Harrison. The catalogue says: "1685. In missione ad Nov. Eboracem sunt duo sacerdotes. Vivunt ex puris eleemosinis, et sunt P. F. Harvœus et P. H. Harrisonus." In the two following years, a third father was with them, whose name was Charles Gage. In 1690, F. Harrison was in Ireland, and in Maryland in 1697. From the date of F. Harvey's abode in New York, it is probable he came in company with Col. Dongan, afterwards earl of Limerick, who was appointed governor in 1682, but did not reach New York until August, 1683. Of this governor, Grahame says he was "a man of probity, moderation, and conciliating manners, and, though a professed Roman Catholic, which perhaps was his chief passport to the duke's favor, yet in the main acceptable, and justly so, to a people who regarded the Catholic faith with suspicion and dislike."*

F. Harvey, who arrived in the city of New York in 1683, and probably came with Gov. Dongan, appears to have been the only priest there until 1685, in which year Father Harrison joined him, and, in 1686, F. Gage arrived. It is probable these two last named were the *English priests* for whom the governor "*had sent*,"† to minister to the Five Nations. As the English Jesuits had then, and for fifty years before, a mission in Maryland, it is not improbable that Maryland furnished priests to New York, as it also did to Pennsylvania. But whether these English Jesuits actually labored among the Indians of New York is unknown. As their ignorance of the Indian dialects disqualified them for filling the places of their French brethren immediately, and Colden and Smith make no mention of them, it is most probable that the field of their labors was the city of New York. Perhaps among the papers of the New York Historical Society some traces of them might be found. Col. Dongan was superseded as governor in 1688. Smith describes the temper of the people, previous to his removal, as any thing but favorable to the establishment of Catholic congregations. He says: "A scene of the greatest importance was opening at New York. A general dissatisfaction to the government prevailed among the people. Papists began to settle in the colony under the smiles of the governor. The collector of the revenues, and several principal officers, threw off the mask and openly avowed their attachment to the doctrines of Rome. A *Latin school* was set up, and the teacher strongly suspected for a Jesuit. The

* P. 45. † Colden, p. 84, 2d edition.
‡ Oliver's Collections.

* Hist. United States, vol. ii, p. 202.
† Colden, p. 84.

people of Long Island, who were disappointed in their expectation of mighty boons, promised by the governor on his arrival, were become his personal enemies, and, in a word, the whole body of the people trembled for the Protestant cause."*

*Hist. New York, p. 58.

The same writer adds, that, "in the year 1700, a law was passed for *hanging* every popish priest that came, voluntarily, into the province; this law," continues this historian of New York, "*as it for ever ought*, is in full force to this day."*

* Ib. p. 97.

NEW CATHEDRAL OF ST. PETER, CINCINNATI.

WHO that has at all reflected upon the subject has not been forcibly struck by the beauty, the magnificence, and the solemn impressiveness of Catholic architecture! Who has trod the lengthening aisles of the massive Gothic cathedral of the olden time without *feeling* that the majesty of God was hovering around him! Who has visited the stately and beautiful Grecian or Roman-Grecian church without feeling his heart beat within him in unison with the vast extent and harmonious proportions of the structure reared by Catholic art in honor of the living God! That art has a language, silently but eloquently appealing to the heart, no one will deny who is not wholly divested of the better feelings of our nature. That Catholicity is peculiarly adapted to awaken in the bosom, and to realize externally the noblest aspirations of art, is equally undeniable The voice of history proclaims this truth, that of reason confirms it.

What but the genius of Catholic art covered Europe with the noblest architectural piles, at a period, too, usually sneered at as *dark* and barren of good; with piles which have stood for ages when all else was crumbling around them, and which have continued to excite feelings of ever increasing admiration and delight in the bosoms of successive generations? What but Catholic art built the massive Gothic churches with which France, England, Germany, and northern Italy are still bestrewn? What else erected St. Peter's, St. Paul's, and St. Mary Major's, at Rome? What has modern art, loudly boasting of its merits, and inflated as it is with pride, produced to compare with those noble structures? Alas! it would seem that the genius of Catholic architecture, disgusted with the wide-spread moral infection of heresy, and infidelity, and mammonism, had almost fled away from the earth.

There is in the very nature of Catholicity something which powerfully tends to inspire and elevate genius, and to prompt it to undertake and accomplish the most magnificent works of art. According to the Catholic view, God is still in his holy temple, he still lives and reigns there in the midst of his beloved people. The body and blood of his adorable Son are there really and truly upon the holy altar, and his house is not only a house of prayer, but also a house of sacrifice. The humblest Christian church is thus infinitely more holy than was Solomon's splendid temple; because the former contains the living and glowing realities, whereas the latter contained nothing but types, figures, and shadows. If Christ be then really and truly in the Christian church; if he be there daily offered up on the altar, a victim of expiation for the sins of his people, and to draw down on their heads a superabundance of heavenly blessings; can it be that any expense should be deemed too great for the decoration of his own cherished abode, and for promoting the splendor of his own chosen altar? Surely not. Our Catholic forefathers thought not, and hence the profusion of wealth by them for the erection and ornament of churches. This is the real secret of the richness and astonishing magnificence of churches erected during the ages of faith.

This view of the subject is greatly strengthened by a glance at the influence on sacred art of the systems opposed to Catholicity. What has Protestantism done for Christian art, even for that branch of it in which it has had some pretensions to excellence—sacred architecture? During the first century of its fitful and feverish existence, its zeal for church building was chiefly displayed in the destruction or dilapidation of some among the most splendid Catholic churches of the olden time; in the upsetting of altars, the breaking of statuary and crosses, the burning of beautiful paintings, and the pillage of the sacred ornaments and vessels; and, when it had grown weary of sacrilege, or been glutted with plunder, it sat down quietly amidst the ruins it had strewn around it, and calmly appropriated to itself the shells of the splendid church edifices which its vandalism had spared! That this picture is not over drawn, we appeal, with confidence, to the history of early Protestantism in Germany, Switzerland, and France, and more particularly in England and Ireland. The most splendid churches in which Protestantism now performs its cold and lifeless worship in Europe, are precisely those which were erected by Catholics in the *dark* ages!

In our own republic, where Catholics are comparatively few and poor, the contrast between their churches and those of their more wealthy and numerous dissenting brethren is striking even to the most casual and superficial observer. While, with very few exceptions, Protestants have erected churches or rather *meeting houses*, remarkable only for the absence of all architectural taste and ornament, mere hulks composed of walls, benches, and a preaching desk; Catholics, on the contrary, with means often very inadequate, have reared church edifices which are the chief architectural ornaments of the country. To what are we to ascribe this notorious fact, but to the causes indicated above? Catholics, animated by the lofty genius of their religion, think that no expense should be spared when it is question of erecting and beautifying God's holy temple: Protestants, on the contrary, seem to think that money expended for this purpose, over and above what is absolutely necessary for the accommodation and *comfort* of the worshippers, is thrown away; and where there is any seeming extravagance, they are almost tempted to exclaim with the apostate Judas: "*ut quid perditio hæc:* for what purpose is this waste?"

Is it not a lamentable fact, and one that speaks volumes on the spirit of our age, that in our principal cities more money is expended and more architectural skill employed on the temples of mammon than on the temples of the living God? What a contrast between the stately bank with its splendid Grecian portico, its cut-stone walls, and its massive portals, thrown open during *six* days of the week, and the lowly Christian church without any architectural appliances or beauty, and with its door closed against all *intruders* except during *one* day in the seven! Alas! alas! this is truly the enlightened age of dollars and cents! Mammon hath more worshippers than the living God!

These general reflections, with many more of the same kind, arose spontaneously to our minds whilst visiting the new Catholic cathedral of Cincinnati, on occasion of its late solemn dedication to Almighty God under the name and invocation of St. Peter. It is decidedly one of the most stately and beautiful structures in the country; and, as a specimen of the pure Corinthian style of architecture fully carried out in all its noble simplicity, we venture to say that it is not surpassed by any in the union. The enthusiastic advocates for the Gothic style of architecture in church building will scarcely share in our admiration; but we humbly hazard the opinion that even they could not visit the new cathedral of Cincinnati without being deeply impressed, and without coming to a conclusion somewhat different from that of Mr. Pugin, that there are other styles of architecture besides the Gothic well adapted to the purposes of a Christian church.

We will not attempt a full and minute description of St. Peter's cathedral; but we think that a few details will not be uninteresting to those of our readers who have not yet had an opportunity of paying it a visit.

The external appearance of the edifice is sufficiently imposing, and it will be much more so when the tower will have been completed. It occupies a central position on a spacious lot which is already near the centre of the city. The lot is one hundred and ninety-two feet front, and three hundred and eighty-four feet

deep. It embraces half a square, fronts on Plum street, and extends along Eighth street to Western Row. The three sides of it fronting on the three streets just named are surrounded by a brick wall three feet high, surmounted by an iron railing four feet high; and the side next to the alley is guarded by a strong brick wall about ten feet high.

In the rear of the cathedral and fronting on Eighth street is the new residence of the bishop; a spacious edifice, finely finished and richly furnished, four stories high, and containing about thirty rooms. It is connected with the sacristy by a bold arch thrown across to the rear of the cathedral. It is one proof of the liberality of the Cincinnati Catholics, and of the very high esteem and love which they have for their worthy bishop, that this fine structure, with its costly furniture, was, we understood, completed at their own cost, and presented to the bishop.

The external dimensions of the cathedral are two hundred by eighty-two feet, including in its length the tower which projects in front. The average thickness of the walls is four feet; and they are built entirely of cut stone; the basement story and the rear, of the blue limestone found in or near the Ohio river, and the front and two side walls, including the tower and massive cornice, of whitish limestone brought on the canal from Dayton, Ohio, a distance of sixty miles. It is one good quality of this species of stone that it bleaches by exposure to the atmosphere. The contrast between the colors of the basement and of the wall produces a very fine effect. The white limestone of Dayton reminds us somewhat of the beautiful *Travertine* with which the walls of St. Peter's, of St. Mary Major's, and of many other edifices in Rome are built. The roof of the church, as well as that of the episcopal residence, is covered with iron plates having the seams coated with a preparation of coal tar and sand—a composition impervious to water. Thus every thing about the edifice is solid and massive.

The tower is a massive structure forty-five feet square. It is at present completed only to the elevation of the roof. From this point it is to be continued in an octagonal form, entirely of stone, and it is to be terminated in a tapering spire surmounted by a cross, the whole to be two hundred feet high. It is contemplated to place in the spire, when completed, a full chime of bells.

Entering the cathedral by the large portal through the centre of the tower, or by one of the two smaller side doors, a new world of architectural beauty and magnificence breaks upon your view. You find that the beautiful Corinthian order of architecture is carried out in all its richness of detail, and what charms you most is the circumstance that within, as without the edifice, there is no tinsel, there are no paltry ornaments, nor "jim-cracks," but every thing simple, tasty, well proportioned, and massive. The eye rests upon two rows of stately fluted columns of gray granite, resting upon white pedestals, and terminating in snow-white capitals. The columns are eighteen in number, nine on each side, not counting the two square ones on each side within the sanctuary. They are three and a half feet in diameter, and, including the base and capital, thirty-five feet in height. Nothing could be more beautiful than the capitals with their turned heads, or involutes, and acanthus leaves, interspersed with those of the lotus, and gracefully intertwined with other foliage, scrolls, and tendrils, all terminating in the plain and simple *abacus*. The base of the columns is three feet and a half high, the shaft twenty-seven feet, and the capital, including the *abacus*, four feet and a half.

One might be tempted to think that the colonnades are too near to the side walls for the preservation of due architectural proportions; but the spectator will not find the effect ungrateful to the eye, and he will be moreover assured that there are for this arrangement architectural precedents of undisputed excellence and taste. Besides, this distribution of the internal space makes the centre aisle the great body of the church, and affords the people a full and unobstructed view of the altar and pulpit.

We were pleased to learn that the pews are to be confined to the centre aisle, and that the two side aisles are to be *free* to the people, particularly the poor. We have always viewed the pew system as a nuisance which should be abated as far as possible. We are charmed with the perfect equalization of all classes on the smooth pavement of a European Catholic church, and we hate all distinctions in the house of God.

The ceiling over the centre aisle is raised

nearly twenty feet higher than that of the two side aisles. Every thing about it is in excellent taste and proportion, and, with the exception that it is covered and ornamented with massive stucco work done in plaster of Paris, whereas that of St. Mary Major's in Rome is richly gilt, it strongly reminds one of the latter. Nor is this the only circumstance in St. Peter's cathedral which reminds you of perhaps the most beautiful Christian church in the world, though the latter is of the Roman Ionic style of architecture.

Upon the columns rests a beautiful and massive entablature, about twelve feet deep, running round the whole interior of the edifice, including the sanctuary. It is ornamented with dentals and other ornaments and mouldings in stucco. On it, immediately over the columns, rest twenty stone pedestals, six feet high, in a recess. These support a handsome architrave, which, like the entablature, sweeps round the whole interior of the church. Upon the architrave are placed twelve large *tie-beams* of timber, which go across the whole centre aisle, and support the ceiling. These beams are ornamented with fret-work in stucco. The ceiling is deeply carved into receding square panels, four deep, there being a double square panel at the termination of each. The whole of this work, as well as the plastering of the church, was executed by Mr. J. F. Taylor, who has earned much reputation by the brilliant success which has attended his effort. His merit is enhanced by the cheap rate at which he performed the task.

In the gallery, which is attached to the tower in front of the cathedral, is placed a splendid organ, one of the largest in the United States. It was built by *Schwab*, of Cincinnati, and it has forty-four stops and twenty-seven hundred pipes, one of which is thirty-three feet long, and weighs four hundred pounds!

Approaching the upper part of the church, you admire the spacious sanctuary, raised five steps above the floor of the church, and bounded on the side next to you by a massive bronzed iron railing or chancel, three feet high, surmounted by a mahogany rail. The door in the centre was modeled by Mr. Jones, of Cincinnati. On it are represented in *alto relievo* two angels guarding the sanctuary, bearing in their hands emblems of the Holy Trinity, Eucharist, &c.

Before entering the sanctuary, you are struck with the two upper windows of the church, which are filled with stained glass, the predominant colors of which are orange and crimson. The panes are decorated with separate emblems of the episcopal insignia, and of various sacred subjects.

But the most beautiful part of the cathedral, as it should be, is the altar of fine Carrara marble, made in Genoa by *Chiappri* expressly for the cathedral, and presented to it by two distinguished converts of Cincinnati, Mr. Reuben R. Springer, and Mrs. O'Shaughnessy. Its cost was about a thousand dollars. You ascend to it by six steps from the floor of the sanctuary. Nothing could be more beautiful than this altar, which we suppose is superior to any in the country. It is ornamented in the centre by a circular piece, carved in *alto relievo*, containing a gilt bronze cross surrounded by a halo of rays, which are farther decorated without the circle by tastily carved foliage. On the right, you perceive, also in *alto relievo*, a mitre, a crozier, and a double or archiepiscopal cross; on the left, a tiara, a crozier, and a triple cross. On the projecting wings, on each side behind the altar table, are carved pelicans feeding their young with blood streaming from their own bosoms, favorite emblems of the wondrous love of Jesus Christ to us in the holy eucharist. These groups, as well as other portions of the altar, are decorated with carved foliage of different kinds. The tabernacle is likewise of Carrara marble; it is a most tasty and exquisite little Ionic temple, with a door of gilt bronze, bearing sculptured on it the emblem of the guardian angel with wings above and below. The gilt crucifix, the gilt candlesticks, and all the remaining furniture of the altar, are rich and in good taste; and the effect of the whole is to make it the most lovely altar upon which our eyes have ever rested in this country.

The sanctuary is spacious, embracing a square section of the church twenty-seven feet deep, with the exception of two rooms, about fifteen feet square, cut off, one on each side. On the day of the consecration, it accommodated, without being over-crowded, nine bishops and more than seventy other clergymen of different grades. The lateral rooms are to be used as a baptistry and a sacristy; they have each a double gallery for the accommodation of the orphans attached to the St.

Peter's Benevolent Society. We were pleased with the idea of thus bringing the orphans in the immediate vicinity of the sanctuary, and, as it were, under the very shadow of the altar. Nothing could be more appropriate.

Much credit is due to the two principal architects of the building, Messrs. H. Walter and Hudson B. Curtis, for the skill they displayed, and for the fidelity with which they executed their task. They, as well as Mr. Taylor, are Protestant gentlemen; and their having been selected in preference to Catholics, who might perhaps have done the work as well, may serve to show that Catholics are not after all quite so intolerant as certain religious mountebanks would fain persuade the ignorant among the people.

The workmen were all paid off every Saturday evening, and we understand that not a dollar is now due any of those who were engaged in building the church. This is as it should be. The church of God should not be in debt. Rather let the people worship in the poorest building than in a splendid edifice cumbered, perhaps for a half century to come, with an enormous debt. Such at least is our deliberate opinion. Another circumstance that pleased us was, that the mechanics employed in the building of St. Peter's new cathedral were nearly all of them members of the temperance society, and that not a drop of ardent spirits was drunk on the premises.

The cost of the entire edifice in its present condition does not fall far short of seventy thousand dollars; to which add six thousand dollars for the bishop's residence, and twenty-four thousand dollars for the lot, and the whole amount of money expended on the present property of the cathedral and premises is about *one hundred thousand dollars.*

The cathedral of St. Peter will stand for centuries—it can not decay with age—an imperishable monument of the zeal, the taste, and the noble spirit of the present devoted bishop of Cincinnati, and of the faith, piety, and liberality of his flock.

INTELLIGENCE.

FOREIGN.

FRANCE.—*Catholic Charity.*—A report of the *Brotherhood of St. Vincent de Paul,* for visiting the poor in their own houses, has been recently published in France, from which it appears that the society accomplishes an immense amount of good. It has received the special approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, and been favored with several indulgences. Branches of this noble work have been established in England and Ireland, and even in this country. The example of such benevolence among the pious laity can not fail to be admired by all, and for this reason we shall lay before our readers, from the *Tablet,* a summary of the charities performed by this excellent association.

"The first in the list is that of poor foundlings. 'The name of St. Vincent of Paul almost involuntarily recalls to our recollection *foundlings;* and a society placed under his patronage owed it to this great saint to extend its protection to these poor creatures who were so dear to him.' This species of charity, however, has been one of the last to be included in the cycle of the society's operations. In the official administration of this branch of charity, it was found that the nurses were often as inhuman as the mothers who had deserted their miserable offspring. The foundlings were left without clothes, without food, and were sometimes even sold like cattle to men who bought them for no honest purpose. In co-operation, therefore, with the authorities of Toulon and Marseilles, the conference of Brignolles has endeavored to put an end to this system in the neighboring districts. By the care of its members the children are visited, from time to time, at fixed and frequent intervals; reports of their condition and treatment are sent to the authorities, and abuses are made known and rectified.

"Next come the orphanages. These are the more interesting for us, because the care of orphans is one of the few additions that have been made in England to the primary charity upon which the brotherhood is founded. The following is what we find on this subject in the report.

"'Some are consecrated entirely to this patronage. At Bourg, for instance, the conference has

founded an asylum devoted to the primary education of orphan children, whom it receives at the present moment to the number of twelve, and whom it places in a country house where one of the brothers forms them, by gardening, to the labors of agriculture; some are placed in such of the neighboring farms as present all desirable securities in respect to religion and morals. After their first communion all are sent back to the country, to which this wise and healthy training attaches them for ever, by separating them from the fatal habits of the cities. Thus is prolonged a patronage which secures and confirms the happy and virtuous tendencies which the cares of the conference have sown in their young hearts. Lastly, the orphan, even when grown up to manhood, does not fail to find in the society which received him first brothers and sisters ever attentive to his necessities, and in his former patron a friend ready to guide him in all important steps throughout his life.

"'At Nismes is formed, and also by means of the conference of that place, an orphanage house, which is well named *The Providence*. Thirty children find therein an asylum, where their youth is passed among examples and lessons of all kinds that the many brothers lavish on them. Of these the youngest children receive school instruction; others are apprenticed on the best conditions that can be obtained, and under the direct auspices of the conference; lastly, the eldest, still under eighteen years of age, continue, as young workmen, sheltered under the protection of *The Providence*, which may at last withdraw from them its immediate care and superintendence, but never completely abandons them.

"'Aided by many pious persons, the conference of Rheims has adopted six young orphans, who, in a common house, night and day, Sunday and every day, receive a Christian education, and who, during days of labor, are confided for their industrial apprenticeship to chosen masters, to whose houses they are taken daily, and brought home each night to their house. Metz owes to the conference of this town a similar establishment, in which ten children are entirely educated and brought up, independently of the same number of orphans who, less abandoned probably by their relatives, are received only from morning till the evening meal.

"'Other conferences among their numerous *œuvres* confine themselves to co-operating within the limits of their resources, to the solace of this interesting class of poor children, either by supporting with their subscriptions the protective establishments founded in their neighborhood, or by placing orphans in such establishments at their expense, or by admitting them to their patronage in preference to others, or even by wholly undertaking their apprenticeship.

"'It is to the number of these incidental good works that we may refer a trait which ought neither to escape our attention, nor fail to suggest a happy imitation. The conference of Laval, learning that a little boy, whom neglect had driven to vice, was brought before the court of assize, induced the magistrates to leave the lad to their care, that they might labor in his reformation. He was by them committed to the care of a curé in one of the country communes of the neighborhood, who has already been enabled to bend the pliant mind to a regular life, laborious tastes and dispositions wholly new. The prison would, perhaps, have pushed him on from vice to crime; Christian hands are held forth to his assistance, and the erring child will, with the grace of God, become an honest, useful man.'

"Asylums for young children, whose parents are unable to take care of them during the day, have been established in many of the conferences. Then comes the patronage of young children at school. In Paris, more than sixteen hundred children are under the oversight of the brothers, who stimulate the emulation of their young *protegés* by little presents and all other allowable means, and endeavor to increase the interest of the parents in the good education of their offspring. In many of the conferences, the instruction of young children for their first communion is a principal work of charity. In one provincial town more than two hundred, in another six hundred children are thus provided for, and instructed for the reception of this holy sacrament.

"The patronage of young Savoyards is a work that might find its parallel in England in the protection of Italian boys. 'Among all these children of the poor there are few more worthy of tender solicitude than the poor little exiles from the mountains of Savoy, abandoned in our great towns, and too often made the victims of barbarous masters. They endure all the sufferings of the body, but, for the greater part, being the rejected of pious families, they have still more to suffer for their souls which languish for want of support in neglect or slavery.' The conferences of Aix, Auxerre, Alais, Dijon, Nismes, Lille, Bordeaux, Nancy, and others, pay due tribute to their misfortune, surrounding these poor children with a watchful care, preventing the abuses of authority of which they are the victims, listening to their complaints, and procuring for them instruction and Christian consolation.

"The patronage of apprentices is a most important part of the duty of the brotherhood. Various modes are stated in which different conferences keep up in the youth the good spirit they have implanted in the child. The immediate patron, in most places, visits the boy once a week at his workshop; and on Sunday, when it is practicable, he is brought to the house of a brother, where his

religious duties, his games and exercises, his walks and little amusements, may be practised and enjoyed in common with others situated like himself; lessons in music or drawing may be insinuated, and little rewards given to the most deserving. But almost every conference has its own way of encouraging apprentices in Christian conduct.

"The teaching of the catechism, and preparing the way for the priest and the schoolmaster, among young people who have been ill-taught or untaught, are duties from which the brotherhood does not shrink.

"The French laborers and artisans generally travel in search of employment; and those who have been good Christians during their apprenticeship, are often ruined during these journeys by the companionship they encounter; the conference at Angers has established a house of repose for such of these pilgrims as retain good desires, and all the conferences do something for their benefit.

"In all parts of France wherein the brotherhood has been established, the settled workman is the object of peculiar attention. The society of St. Joseph is divided into branches for boys and men, and the adult branch is spreading widely through the labors of the brotherhood among the workmen.

"Under the head of 'Visitation of the Poor,' the points insisted on are clothing, linen, lodging, bedding, employment, savings banks, benefit societies, and medical aid; the marriage and restoration to religious duties of parents, who, by the force of ill example, have neglected both, is a duty of too frequent necessity in France. Gilds of the holy family, libraries, schools for adults, and other means of instruction are adopted by many conferences. Prisons and hospitals are visited; the dying are assisted and recommended to benevolent pastors; and the decent burial of the dead is an object of deep interest with all. In most towns two masses are said for each poor person who dies while under the care of the brotherhood; in other cases they attend in large numbers at the funerals of the poor.

"We have been particular in giving these details, because we wish to stir up the ambition of the English and Irish Catholics to follow this glorious example. What has been done in France may, if we have the like zeal and fervor of charity, be done here amongst us. All these important works are needed here as well as there, and should find their accomplishment where there is so great a necessity."

The Good Shepherd.—We are allowed to translate for our readers the following extract of a letter, which was received not long since from Angers.—*Cath. Adv.*

"In the monastery of our Lady of Charity of the Good Shepherd, we have recently had the satisfaction to be present at several ceremonies which were as edifying as they were consoling. On the 31st of July, being the sixteenth anniversary of the foundation of this benevolent institution, the Rev. Mr. Joubert, vicar general of the diocess of Angers, received the religious profession of nine young ladies distinguished alike for their rank and their virtues. Right Rev. Dr. Reynolds, bishop of Charleston, U. S., who chanced at this epoch to be at Angers, consented to preside at the ceremony for conferring the religious habit on thirteen *postulantes*, who belonged to four different nations. He also had the kindness to address an exhortation in English to those who understood this language, after which a discourse in French and another in German were preached by one of the priests who assisted at the ceremonies. After the discourses were concluded, two young German novices made their solemn profession in the presence of the Right Rev. bishop of Charleston, who seemed deeply affected, particularly at the moment when the funeral pall, held by the nine young companions of their noviciate, was spread over the prostrate forms of the young virgins, who thus announced their determination to "die to the world," and henceforward live only for the service of God.

On the next day, August 1st, the bishop officiated at another ceremony for the reception of four young penitents among the Magdalens, with whom they were henceforward to devote their lives to the service of God. In conferring upon them the habit characteristic of their new life, and which is the habit of the Carmelites, the Right Rev. prelate was kind enough to address them a few words of exhortation in the French language, which produced a profound impression on all present. The bishop then, in company with the superiors, paid a visit to the different branches of the establishment. He visited, first, the first class of penitents, one hundred and thirty-eight in number, to whom he had that morning administered the holy communion. Next he went to see the second class of penitents, one hundred and fifty in number, called the class of perseverance. He expressed himself greatly pleased with their becoming deportment. Thence he went to visit the orphan house for girls, who were then engaged in making their retreat preparatory to their first communion. He proceeded next to the establishment of the Magdalens, which is entirely distinct from that of the penitents. As the reformed penitents, however anxious they may be to lead an exclusively religious life, can never be received as members of the sisterhood of the Good Shepherd, the establishment of the Magdalens has been opened for them, where, after several years' probation, they are allowed to consecrate the remainder of their lives to God. Some of the sisters of the Good Shepherd preside over the establishment."

ENGLAND.—*Conversions.*—The last month has brought us the most consoling intelligence from England, where the power of truth is daily manifesting itself in the conversion of all classes of persons to the ancient church, the "one fold under one shepherd." We copy the following interesting particulars from the *Tablet.*

"On the 29th September M. Dobrée Dalgairns, M. A., of Exeter college, made his profession of the Catholic faith at the monastery of Aston Hall.

"On the 2d October the Rev. Ambrose St. John, M. A., of Christ church, was received a member of the Catholic church at the episcopal seminary of Prior Park.

"On the 9th October Father Dominick, the superior of the Passionists in England, received at Littlemore, near Oxford, after due examination, and in the usual form prescribed by the church, the renowned Rev. John Henry Newman, B. D., Fellow of Oriel college, Oxford, and late vicar of St. Mary's; the Rev. Frederick Bowles, B. A.; and the Rev. N. Staunton, B. A."

These conversions have been followed by several others, among which we will mention those of Rev. John Walker, of Brasenose college; Rev. E. Estcourt, of Exeter; Rev. Frederick R. Neave, of Oriel, and Rev. Mr. Oakely.

IRELAND.—The Colleges' Bill continues to be a subject of earnest discussion. The majority of the Irish prelates consider it too defective in its provisions to afford the necessary protection to the faith and morality of Catholic pupils. We copy, in relation to it, the following judicious remarks from the *N. Y. Freeman's Journal:*

"Any measure affecting the interests of general education in Ireland, of course carries with it a strong appeal to the attention and vigilance of the spiritual guardians of the great body of the people, the Catholic prelates. They are the appointed protectors of faith and morals, and secular education, in any form, bears so close a relation to those most important considerations, that a general system of a higher order of academical education, of course imperatively demanded a large share of attention from the faithful Catholic bishops. Nor were they unmindful of, or unfaithful to, the emergency. A severe scrutiny into the character and tendency of the measure for the establishment of Irish colleges, was entered upon by the prelates with zeal and moderation, and in a manner consistent with the dignity of their sacred character. After a mature examination of the new act as it first came from the hands of parliament, the Irish bishops united in a spirited condemnation of the measure. This had the effect of producing a reform in, and improvement upon, the original plan. Since these modifications, a difference of opinion has arisen among the bishops. The majority of eighteen or nineteen out of twenty-four, we believe, still condemn the measure, even as amended, *in toto*, and refuse to it their sanction, while the small, but highly influential minority, including the primate, Dr. Crolly, and Archbishop Murray of Dublin, have decided to give the improved act a fair trial before condemning it. It certainly was to have been hoped that the Irish Catholic bishops would have united upon this very important question, through all its stages. Such has not been the case, however, and we can not but regret it. The division of opinion, we imagine, could have been the source of little, if any mischief, as confined solely within the action of the Catholic prelates. We must conclude that the prelates, in the minority, have adopted their line of conduct from a high and conscientious sense of duty, and with a single view to the best interests of religion. We know that Archbishops Crolly and Murray would not sanction any measure even for a moment which threatened the integrity of faith, or the morals of those committed to their charge. They have given to the measure only a qualified assent, in the opinion of its usefulness, but should future developments happen contrary to their anticipations, that assent, we know, would be at once withdrawn and followed by merited condemnation."

SANDWICH ISLANDS.—When the Abbe Caret and some other clergymen endeavored to open a mission in these islands some eight years ago, the jealousy of the Protestant missionaries caused them to be seized and banished from the islands. Some time after, the French admiral forced the government to grant toleration to Catholic missionaries. And they have consequently been free to preach and to make converts for the last four or five years. According to a correspondent of the *N. Y. Sun*, there are now in this group of islands no less than 90 Catholic churches or chapels, 110 schools, 3,000 scholars, and 14,000 Catholics.—*Cath. Miscellany.*

INDIAN MISSIONS.—We have received a large packet of most interesting letters from Rev. Father De Smet, S. J., regarding the Oregon Missions. They will form an admirable suite to the "Lettres edifiantes," and shall, as soon as translated, be published in pamphlet form. The proceeds of sale should be applied to the benefit of the missions, and therefore we shall not publish them in this paper, but they shall be preceded, or followed, by the excellent letters of the Sisters of Notre Dame, now in course of publication in the Telegraph.—*C. Tel.*

DOMESTIC.

ARCHDIOCESS OF BALTIMORE.—*Confirmation.*—On the 19th of October the Most Rev. Archbishop confirmed one hundred and twenty persons at Bryantown, and on the following day he administered the same sacrament to sixty-six persons at Upper Zachia, Charles county, Md.

Concert for the Orphans.—A grand vocal and instrumental concert will shortly take place in Baltimore, in behalf of the two Catholic orphan asylums under the charge of the Sisters of Charity. St. Mary's Asylum contains at present upwards of sixty girls, and St. Vincent's about forty boys, and both institutions having recently extended the sphere of their benevolence, and being entirely dependent on the public for support, present peculiar claims upon the sympathy and assistance of the community. The vocal department of the concert will be filled by the cathedral choir, and other ladies and gentlemen, who have all nobly volun-

teered their services for the good work, and the music will be prepared and performed under the direction of Mr. Gegan, whose professional standing and merit are an ample guarantee that a musical entertainment of the very richest description will be presented. The instrumental part will be conducted by a young gentleman of New York, who is represented as a prodigy in the musical world. Mr. Allen, the able professor of music at St. Mary's college, Baltimore, has kindly offered to lead the orchestra, in which several amateur gentlemen of eminence have graciously consented to take part.

Diocess of New York.—*Dedication.*—On Sunday, 12th inst., the new church of St. Columba, diocess of New York, was dedicated to the Almighty God, under the invocation of St. Columba the patron of the church. Rt. Rev. Dr. M'Closkey officiated, and Rt. Rev. Bishop Hughes preached on the occasion.—*Pittsb. Catholic.*

Diocess of Cincinnati.—*Consecration of the New Cathedral of St. Peter in Cincinnati.*—How grand and impressive is the ceremonial of the Catholic church! How strongly it speaks to every sense, and how touching the appeal which it makes to the heart of the true believer! While the eye is made to rest upon all that is beautiful and magnificent, the ear is delighted with sweet music, and the soul, attuned into a divine harmony, is borne aloft on the wings of faith to the throne of the most high God in heaven, and to the sublime worship that is offered there! The worship of the earthly Jerusalem is thus but the faint echo, or rather the shadow, of that which, in the heavenly city of God, thrills the souls of millions of the redeemed.

While Protestantism offers little to its worshippers but a dull, dry, and lifeless formalism, Catholicity goes right to the heart, and stirs up its deepest fountains of emotion. While Protestantism speaks only to the ear, Catholicity addresses also the eye, and enchains all the senses. The Protestant church presents little to the beholder but naked walls and benches, and a preaching desk; the Catholic, like the church in the days of St. Paul, "has an altar," upon which the immaculate Victim, he who once died on the cross for the sins of all mankind, is daily offered up in an unbloody manner for the sins of his people. The altar is the centre of Catholic worship; every thing is directed towards it, like the radii to the centre of a circle; and the reason of this is, that God is himself on the altar—that God is now, as erewhile, in the midst of his holy temple.

These general remarks are much more strikingly true when the ceremonies of the Catholic worship are performed on that grand and magnificent scale to which they were originally graduated. When the church is large, and the ministers in attendance are numerous—when every one moves in his respective office without confusion or distraction—when the deep-toned organ sends forth its solemn and impressive peals of music over the congregation in response to that of the chanters ministering at the altar, and to the priest who thereon offers up the tremendous sacrifice—then it is that the heart *feels* how edifying, how eloquent, how impressive, how sublime is the Catholic worship.

These reflections arose spontaneously to our minds while witnessing the solemn consecration of St. Peter's cathedral in Cincinnati. Seldom, if ever, in the United States, never before in the west, was there seen together, on any occasion of the kind, so numerous or so august an assemblage. Never before were the ceremonies of consecrating a church performed with more splendor.

The consecration took place, according to previous appointment, on Sunday the 2d day of November. The day was very unpropitious; the rain was falling, except at brief intervals, during the entire morning. Yet, in spite of all this, from eight to ten thousand persons, nearly all of them men, were assembled at an early hour in the spacious lot outside of the church, and there they remained for many hours patiently waiting the throwing open of the cathedral doors, which did not take place until after eleven o'clock. The ceremony had commenced at eight o'clock, and the whole of it did not terminate until after three o'clock in the afternoon; yet that immense crowd continued riveted to the spot during the whole time. Very shortly after that part of the solemn ceremony in which the doors of the church are opened to the people by the consecrator, its spacious aisles were crowded almost to suffocation. As there were no pews nor benches, the congregation seemed to be composed of a sea of heads, and, we must add, that its movements and the noise caused by the motion of feet, did not destroy the appropriateness of the figure. We imagined ourselves to be transported for a moment to one of those spacious and magnificent Italian churches in which alone have we seen multitudes similarly thronged together without the intervention of pews, or any other means of division, or emblems of distinction. In the Italian churches, however, the noise on the smooth stone or marble pavement is not so great, nor is the echo so annoying as in our own churches, where we are almost under the necessity of having wooden floors. The new cathedral of St. Peter's will hold at least four thousand people, and it is needless to say that, on the interesting occasion to which we are referring, it was filled to its utmost capacity.

There were in attendance one archbishop, eight bishops, and nearly sixty priests, besides a large number of seminarians and acolytes in cassock and surplice. The bishops were all robed in cope and

mitre; thirty-two of the priests were attired in the full priestly uniform, while several others bore copes. All the ornaments used were of the richest and most magnificent kind.

The names of the prelates in attendance are as follows: the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, archbishop of Baltimore; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Flaget, bishop of Louisville; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, bishop of Mobile; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Purcell, bishop of Cincinnati; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Chabrat, bishop coadjutor of Louisville; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Miles, bishop of Nashville; the Rt. Rev. Dr. de la Hailandiere, bishop of Vincennes; the Rt. Rev. Dr. Henni, bishop of Milwaukie; and the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, bishop coadjutor of N. York. These were attended by their chaplains in surplice, who were respectively as follows: V. Rev. M. J. Spalding, Rev. M. Gacon, Rev. L. Nota, S. J., Rev. N. D. Young, O.P., Rev H. Younker, Rev. Joseph O'Meally, Rev. M. Thienpoint, and Rev. Joseph Ferneding. The masters of ceremonies were Rev. F. Elet, S. J., and Rev. T. R. Butler, and the chanters, Rev. Messrs. J. F. Wood, F. Verheyden, S. J., A. Rappe, P. Thienpoint, and A. Maesseele.

We can not attempt to describe, or even to give a faint idea of the solemn but complicated ceremonies for the consecration of a church. The consecration lasted for nearly six hours; and a volume would be required fully to describe and explain every thing connected with it. Suffice it say, that all the ceremonies had an appropriate and deep symbolical meaning, and that they all pointed to the holiness of God's sacred temple, to the peculiar holiness of the altar on which the Victim of expiation was to be daily offered up, and to the sanctification of the people who were to repair thither, from time to time, and far away from the tumult of the world to put up their fervent prayers before the altar of the living God. The Psalms which were recited or sung, the solemn prayers, the various unctions, the signs of the cross, the smoking of the incense, the numerous processions around the altar and the church, all looked to these sublime ends. And if the ceremonies were long, this, too, was not without its significancy; it proved the extreme care of the holy Catholic church to impress the people with a deep sense of the sanctity of God, and of the purity of heart with which he should be approached in his own cherished house. It was thus that Solomon's temple was dedicated, and greater far and more holy than Solomon's splendid temple is even the humblest Christian church in the world, because a greater than Solomon is there. The admission of the people into the church only midway the ceremonies tends also to the same purpose; and is well calculated to make them reflect on the dispositions with which they should prepare themselves to enter into the house of God.

How beautiful and how impressive, in particular, was not the solemn procession of the clergy and the prelates around the exterior of the church, all clad in their appropriate costumes, singing the Psalms of David, and bearing the relics of the saints to be deposited under the high altar! The procession was composed of about seventy clergymen, and it extended around almost two sides of the immense edifice. Slowly and solemnly it wound round the church, the acolytes, with the cross, going before, and the nine bishops, with their glittering copes and mitres, bringing up the rear; and when it entered slowly into the church, and the deep melody of two responsive choirs went swelling up the yet empty aisles, and re-echoed along the spacious panelled ceiling, the effect was indescribably solemn and soul-thrilling.

The Most Rev. Archbishop was the consecrator, and he performed the ceremonies with his usual grace and dignity. At their termination, a solemn high mass was sung by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Portier, bishop of Mobile; and his powerful and musical voice filled that immense church. He was assisted by the Very Rev. E. T. Collins as priest assistant, the Rev. John McGill and the Rev. C. Hammer, as deacons of honor, the Very Rev. J. Van de Velde, S. J., as deacon of office, and the Rev. G. A. Carrell, S. J., as subdeacon of office.

After the Gospel had been sung, the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey, bishop coadjutor of New York, ascended the elevated platform of the altar, and kept the immense audience enchained for nearly an hour by one of the most chaste, appropriate, classical, and eloquent discourses we have ever heard. His voice is clear and musical, his gestures peculiarly graceful and elegant, and his whole manner very impressive. His text consisted of the five first verses of the eighty-third Psalm, beginning: "How lovely are thy tabernacles, O Lord God of hosts;" and, after an appropriate and beautiful commentary on the meaning of the text, he called the attention of his audience to that which constituted the great characteristic excellence of the Christian church—the ALTAR and the SACRIFICE offered thereon. He proved, by a most luminous argument, that we have an altar and a sacrifice, as Christians had in the days of St. Paul, and that the idea of a sacrifice is the central point of Christianity, and the key to Catholic church-building and worship. In the course of the sermon he made very appropriate and touching reference to the most reverend chief of our American hierarchy, to the venerable Dr. Flaget, the patriarch of the American episcopacy, to the zealous, noble-hearted, and apostolic bishop of Cincinnati, whose eulogy, he said, was written in every line, and inscribed on every stone of the magnificent edifice erected by him; and to the other members of the hierarchy

there present. He also referred to the overflowing joy of the clergy and people then present on an occasion so auspicious, and so triumphant for the church in the west.

After the sermon, the organ again pealed forth in deep and glorious melody, which rolled along the vaults, and was re-echoed back from the altar; and the service of the solemn high mass proceeded as usual. To judge of the solemn impressiveness of our worship on the occasion, you should have stationed yourself at the lower part of the church, or in the gallery, during its more solemn portions; for instance, at the Preface, at the Elevation, or at the Pater Noster. It is useless to attempt describing the effect. Imagine that you behold in the distance, elevated above the heads of the intervening mass of more than four thousand people, about *seventy* clergymen—bishops, priests, and inferior ministers—all clad in their distinctive uniforms, of the most brilliant kind, and all standing up together at the Preface and Pater Noster, or bending down, lowlily and reverently, in unison of adoration, at the Elevation; imagine that you hear the solemn and soul-stirring music of the Preface and Pater Noster, with the appropriate responses of the choir accompanied by the organ; imagine that you are one of that immense throng of silent and trembling worshippers, that you are filled with their faith, and animated by their joy, and you may then form some faint conception of the effect produced.

Seldom has it fallen to our lot to be more deeply impressed, or to *feel* more thoroughly the surpassing beauty, the touching simplicity and pathos, and the sublime eloquence of our ceremonial. We have stood in the aisles of St. Peter's and of Mary Major's, at Rome; we have there witnessed much more magnificent and august assemblages than the one we have alluded to above; have heard much finer music, and have looked on a much more brilliant ceremonial; but we are free to confess that, whether it was from local associations, or from the reflection that this beautiful temple was dedicated thus magnificently on a spot where but half a century ago little was to be heard but the howl of the wild beast and the war-whoop of the savage, or whatever else was the cause of it, we never before felt, at least, more deeply impressed, and never were more inclined to break forth, in the fulness and exultation of our heart, with the patriarch of old, when he awoke from the mysterious slumber on Mount Moriah: "How terrible is this place; truly this is none other than the house of God, and the gate of heaven!"

The service terminated only at a quarter after three in the afternoon, and shortly thereafter the prelates and the clergy all dined together at the hospitable table of the good bishop of Cincinnati, in his newly erected residence adjoining the cathedral. A more numerous, and a more happy assemblage of clergymen has seldom been seen in the U. States.

In the evening, at seven o'clock, the benediction of the most holy sacrament was given by the Rt. Rev. and venerable patriarch, Bishop Flaget, after which the Very Rev. Thomas Heyden, of Bedford, Pa., ascended the pulpit, and entertained a very large audience, for about an hour, with a very solid and well-reasoned discourse on the qualities of Christian faith.

On Monday morning, at ten o'clock, a solemn high mass of *Requiem* was chanted by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Miles, of Nashville; after which, the Rev. John McGill, of Louisville, delivered a chaste, strong, and appropriate discourse, in his usual happy style and manner, on the doctrine of purgatory, and its derivation, prayers for the dead.

In the evening of the same day a discourse was given on the infallibility of the church. On the following evening a large audience was again delighted with a beautiful and well-reasoned discourse on the honor and invocation of saints, and especially of the Virgin Mother of God, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. McCloskey.

Cincinnati, Nov. 5, 1845.

Clerical Retreat.—During the week preceding the consecration of St. Peter's cathedral, the exercises of a spiritual retreat were performed at Cincinnati, by the clergy of the diocess. The retreat was conducted by the Very Rev. Dr. Spalding.

Ordination.—Rev. Michael A. Byrne, a deacon of the Diocesan Seminary, was raised to the holy order of priesthood, on last Sunday, in St. Peter's cathedral, by Rt. Rev. Bishop Purcell. Mr. Byrne will be stationed with Rev. Mr. McLaughlin at St. Mary's, Cleveland.—*C. Telegraph.*

Dedication of the church of St. John Baptist.—On Saturday, the feast of all saints, an immense concourse of people assembled to assist at the dedication of this new church, in the northern part of the city. The day was propitious, and all were rejoiced to see Bishop Henni, of Milwaukie, at the request of the bishop of Cincinnati, officiating on the occasion.—*C. Telegraph.*

Diocess of Chicago.—*Consecration of St. Mary's Cathedral, Chicago.*—On Sunday, Oct. 5th, the above church was solemnly consecrated and dedicated to *Almighty God*, under the invocation of the B. V. M., by the Rt. Rev. bishop of the diocess.

Rongism in Europe and America.—*From a Correspondent of the Catholic Telegraph.*—Much has been written of late concerning this sectarian movement in Germany by Ronge and his associates. The Protestant journals have indulged in the long cherished, but ever idle hopes of seeing, as the consequence of this agitation, the Catholic church, embracing nearly eleven millions of people in Prussia and Saxony, renounce her allegiance and deny

her debt of gratitude to the holy see, after a union of more than a thousand years. It is to those journalists a subject for congratulation, that the Germans, who are indebted, like other nations, to the successors of St. Peter for their conversion to Christianity and the few liberties they enjoy, are about to forfeit their attachment to the church, and, like the Protestant kingdoms of Europe, bow down in abject submission to the iron rod of state despotism. They hope to see the faith, which has guided and consoled them for so many ages, extinguished at length, and its place to be supplied by the counsel of two suspended priests, destitute of character and morals, endowed with no commanding intellect, and infidels in heart. But their anticipations are destined to be again disappointed. The Catholic people of Germany have seen and felt the bitter consequences of one reformation, and can not be induced to try the sad experiment of another. They all know what Ronge was before he turned reformer, and they know that Czersky, by his scandalous conduct, brought his father to an untimely grave, and obliged his pious and magnanimous mother to expose his disordered life to the public, whilst he was yet exercising the duties of the sacred ministry. How far his degradation and apostacy have made amends for his previous scandals, every true Catholic can understand.

Their movement, at first, like every other novelty, received some countenance; but the charm is passing away, and its oblivion is already at hand. A reaction is every where taking place, and, as appears from recent letters, as well as from the press, the greatest harmony, zeal and activity prevail in Germany amongst the Catholic people. Private and petty animosities have been, for the most part, laid aside, so that by their union they may be better enabled to resist and throw back the tide of heresy or infidelity, and eradicate the disease where it had taken some root. Many of the ablest champions of the cross, who had long since rested from their labors, thinking that they had achieved their share in her defence, and hoping, like holy Simeon, to depart in peace, have taken up their well-tried arms again in the cause of the faith once delivered to the saints.

Many also who were wavering and weak in faith, or who had become indifferent, are seen now with contrite hearts kneeling at the confessional, and many who had deserted in the beginning, deluded by the specious name of reform, now seeing their error, are returning to the bosom of their holy mother, the church. Thus she has the happiness of seeing many erring children returning in crowds to her peaceful fold, and she herself, purified from the exterior rust and dross which had insensibly collected around her, shines forth again more glorious and triumphant than ever.

It is also no small triumph to her imperturable fortitude to see the leaders of the new creeds divided among themselves—each claiming to be the greater apostle, and possessing a better right to proclaim his new gospel; nor is it a little mortification to those agitators to be restricted in Saxony and Prussia, the very states on which they relied, and even to be prohibited from preaching, and oh! sad affliction for a proud sectarian, to be obliged to keep their wisdom to themselves!

Such are the present prospects and hopes of Rongism in Germany. What it is in the United States will appear from the following article in the "Wahrheits Freund" of this city. If it be ridiculed in Europe, how can we restrain our laughter when the impudent humbug attempts to make headway in America?

"Some time since, the eastern papers brought us the news that Rongism, alias the '*German* Catholic church,' had found its way to New York. They stated that a Catholic priest, by the name of Hermann, had made a commencement of the new institution in that city, and that meetings had been held in a brewery to make the necessary arrangements. It is true that the papers which noticed the meeting, expressed their opinion that it would end in smoke, and such appears to have been the result. An eye-witness of this august assembly writes to us as follows:

"'On the 27th of September, at 7 o'clock, P. M., the plan of the new church was to be considered at length. About sixty or sixty-five persons were present. The reading of the address continued for three quarters of an hour. Ten abuses were enumerated as existing in the church, and the articles which 'priest' Hermann was to substitute in their place, were also set forth. It is scarcely necessary to say that, amongst the abuses, auricular confession and celibacy were emphatically mentioned; yet he was so liberal as to add that those who did '*absolutely*' wish to confess their sins, may do so—neither, he added, were the clergy to be compelled in conscience to marry; still he was of opinion that a wife would, in a special manner, ennoble the priestly state. The other doctrines, the moral system, and the sacraments of the Roman Catholic church, were to remain the same—also high mass and vespers every Sunday. The reading of the document having been concluded, the new reformer called on all those who wished to participate in these advantages which the Roman Catholic church had not, to come forward and subscribe their names. No one went forward, but after a pause of some length one of the assembly said: 'So this is the result of the new church! You would do much better to continue at your old trade of collecting rags and bones in the public streets!' This produced a little disturbance, when another obtained a hearing

and addressed the reformer as follows: 'It appears to me that you must be crazy! You call yourself a Roman Catholic, and yet reject the doctrines of the church! It is very strange that, at your age, and in America too, you discover for the first time that there exist abuses in the Catholic church. You are to be pitied. Be ashamed, and return like the prodigal mentioned in the Gospel.' The question was also asked—Hermann, who sent you to preach the gospel? He answered—Jesus Christ. But all the reformers and sectarians say that! To this he did not reply, and the meeting dissolved amid loud laughter.

"A report has been also industriously circulated, that an independent Catholic church would be established in Cincinnati. Some of the English journals in this city started the report, and credulous readers were found to credit it. All this is mere vain and idle talk, and those very German Catholics who have been thus decried amongst us, have solemnly and publicly declared that such a thought had never even entered into their minds, but on the contrary that they are determined to live and die in the bosom of the Catholic church. This declaration has overjoyed us, although we never gave credit to this malicious report, since we are convinced that good and well disposed Catholics can be moved by no earthly considerations whatever, to cast away the precious deposit of faith."

Thus we see how these idle and malicious stories are circulated for the sole purpose of calumniating us, and to create ill will and bad feeling amongst ourselves. But we know of whose spirit they are, and whence they come, and this suffices.

GERMANICUS.

SINGULAR CEREMONY.—In the extreme western part of Maryland, not many years ago, there took place, in a religious meeting-house, an amusing occurrence, which can not be better described than in the words of the narrator, who was a witness of the scene. One evening I accompanied a friend of mine and his sister to a night meeting. It was held in a lonely place called Frog-hollow, lying between two of the Allegany ridges, and surrounded by immense forests on every side. Here a house full of rustics was gathered together, from off the mountains and from along the valleys. Rough benches and a rude table were the only furniture in the edifice. Some sat, some stood, some peeped in, and the rest managed as they could. The officiating minister for that night was preacher N. By the time the usual routine of singing and preaching and praying was pretty well through, the spirit had made mighty havoc among the female portion of the congregation, as evinced by their falling down, sprawling on the floor, and shouting Amen, Glory, &c. The scene now was one of animated confusion—all sorts of voices making all sorts of noise. Those who were not floored by frenzy acted the part of lookers on. The preacher was active. He moved about among the benches and women, preaching as he went, or talking, just as fancy happened to seize him. At length he noticed my friend's sister sitting and hanging her head as if sobbing. He sat beside her, and, whilst speaking to her, he drew his arm around her neck. I stepped up to her brother and said: Do you see that ———? if he were to act so towards a relative of mine, I'd make him look another way for Sunday. His ire began to rise, and he immediately passed over to the preacher, and in a strong voice he abruptly said: Let go my sister, you double japanned rascal. She is getting religion, replied the preacher, and I must help her. Let her go, you villain, or I'll give you jesse on the spot, so I will. Go away with you, returned the preacher; why do you interfere? Beelzebub, the prince of devils, has possession of you. At this my friend let go a blow, which shot the preacher across the house. Picking himself up again, he loudly cried out: The devil's in you—the devil's in you! With this the devotions concluded.

MORE OF THE GEOLOGIST.—We publish the following communication from the writer on geology.

Messrs. Editors,—The world-renowned city of Gotham, long known as the commercial emporium of this western world, seems likely at last to attain a still more enviable pre-eminence in the world of letters. Her writers, adopting the spirit of their State motto, seem determined to excel all others in the profundity of their discoveries and the piquancy of their conclusions. This involuntary tribute to genius has been forced from me by the remarks of a contributor to the Freeman's Journal, who, over the signature of "* *" in that paper of the 8th inst., has kindly volunteered to teach me the proper use of my native tongue. The disinterestedness of this commendation must be apparent to all who can realize the extent of my sufferings. To attempt wit and fail, is bad enough; but to attempt to be witty and then to be called upon publicly to explain one's wit to a dull comprehension, is infinitely worse—beyond this lowest deep there is no lower depth. The solid reasoning and critical acumen of the writer I refer to, are beyond my feeble praise, although, if I might venture the remark, the outpourings of his indignant eloquence seem somewhat disproportioned to the exigency of the occasion. Now having often witnessed the most disastrous consequences arising from "a tempest in a tea-pot," and anxious to do every thing in my power to allay the terrible one I have most unwittingly raised, I send you the subjoined certificate. It is drawn in this form, in order that I may take it before some duly appointed commissioner and make affirmation to its contents, if this should be required by the relentless Gothamite.

This is to Certify, That the undersigned in using the words "I apprehend he comes not from a region where people are infallible in guessing," to the best of his knowledge and belief, "intended by it *only* and *solely* a good humored allusion to yankeeland." He is perfectly certain he never did, and never intended to make the most distant allusion to any region where the editor of the Catholic Herald might have come from, and that up to the present moment (Nov. 10th, 1846) he is perfectly ignorant where said editor did come from. He admits he has been guilty of saying that the correspondent of the Freeman's Journal was "no Solomon," but he has never said that said correspondent was "a simpleton, or something like it," or that he came from "Blunderland." That the undersigned, of course, has an opinion upon both these last two points, but said opinion it would be inappropriate to embody in a certificate intended to embrace nothing but matters of fact. That he truly regrets being obliged again to use a language of which it has been shown he knows so little, but hopes his errors will be charitably pointed out by those who are better informed, when he will duly eat his words in any sense they can be made to bear. And further the deponent saith not. A.

Mr. Fletcher Webster's Lecture on China.—The gentleman whose name we here mention, was secretary of the recent legation from the United States to China, and he, as well as Mr. Cushing, the American minister, has undertaken to lay before his countrymen the results of his observations in the celestial empire. These gentlemen have not confined their remarks to the diplomatic, political, civil or commercial affairs of that country, in reference to which they might naturally be supposed to have gleamed much interesting information, as these matters belong more particularly to the sphere in which they moved; but they have ventured upon the religious and missionary field, and hazarded assertions which we think worthy of notice and correction. Shortly after his return from China, Mr. Cushing wrote a letter in reply to some inquiries addressed to him, and spoke in flattering terms of the literary services of the missionaries, among whom he mentioned the names of several distinguished Jesuits. The letter, however, was framed in such a way as to lead the reader, unacquainted with history, to infer that the Protestant were pretty much on a par with Catholic missionaries, in regard to what has been done for enlightening the world upon the subject of the Chinese language, and the peculiarities of the people and country. In this we are of opinion that Mr. Cushing has done a great injustice to the Jesuits by not alluding more fully, when touching upon the subject, to the immense services which, during the last two hundred and fifty years, they have rendered to history by their copious and in every respect authoritative accounts of China, and to literature by the voluminous writings which have contributed so much to the acquisition of the language used among the people. The labors of Protestant missionaries in this department are comparatively of very recent date, and can not be placed on a parallel with the achievements of men who have been toiling in it for centuries.

In the lecture lately delivered by Mr. F. Webster, it is stated that the prosperity of the Christian missions, so happily commenced and carried on by the Jesuits from the close of the sixteenth century, was interrupted by a decision of the pope relative to the Chinese ceremonies. From the language reported to have been used by Mr. Webster, the reader would judge that a violent persecution arose against the Christians, at that time amounting to three hundred thousand, immediately after the decree of the pope, pronouncing certain Chinese ceremonies idolatrous and superstitious. This, however, was not the case. The papal decision, which was necessary to terminate a discussion between the Jesuits and Dominicans about the lawfulness of the rites in honor of Confucius and the dead, was indeed an occasion of which the mandarins, the declared enemies of Christianity, availed themselves in order to excite the emperor against the toleration of it in his dominions, and they succeeded in placing its professors under restrictions more or less onerous, but no sanguinary persecution was enkindled until 1722, eighteen years after the condemnation of the Chinese ceremonies.

Mr. Webster and Mr. Cushing have both made allusion to the forms of Boodhism, and to a supposed resemblance between them and Catholic observances. The former says:

"The Boodhist is the religion of the lowest class—a class which requires something to strike the senses, which is not capable of rising to abstract notions of the divinity, but which must have visible and tangible objects of worship. Their temples, like the Catholic churches at Macao, have decorations, pictures, &c. They worship the Virgin mother—make prayers for the dead, have nuns and monks, and petition for every thing, from deliverance of their friends from purgatory, to a handsome wife or a rich and worthy husband."

In this paragraph we see the usual quantum of ignorance exhibited by tourists who wander out of their sphere to treat of matters which they have not troubled themselves to investigate. If Mr. Webster were but a mere tyro in the knowledge of human nature and of Christianity, he would perceive that the higher classes of society have more need of external ceremony than the lower, to produce salutary impressions upon the mind and heart. Mr. Webster perhaps supposes that the divine Founder

of the Christian religion instituted the ceremonies of baptism, the eucharist and others, for the benefit only of the *lower classes*, not for men of education forsooth, whose minds can rise, without all this show, to abstract notions of the Deity! The paragraph which we have quoted suggests a reflection which we consider very far from invalidating any practice of the Catholic church. It is morally certain that the Christians of the west never derived their veneration of the Virgin mother, or the custom of praying for the dead, from the Chinese: the fact, therefore, of these venerating the Virgin Mary, if true, affords a strong presumption that this is a remnant of the practice which they received in the earliest and purest days of religion, from the apostle St. Thomas, who labored in the east, or from his successors. The same may be said of prayers for the dead, though this practice may also have been retained from the very earliest traditions, and from the same source which led the valiant and pious leader of the Jewish armies to declare, while he proclaimed the belief and practice of the whole nation, that "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead, that they may be loosed from their sins." 2 Macch. ch. xii.

The Fine Arts.—It can not be doubted that the increased attention which is given to the cultivation of the liberal arts in this country, promises ere long to raise them in the eyes of the American public to a much more dignified rank than has been hitherto awarded to them. We have witnessed with pleasure the aspiring ardor which has led our artists at various times to visit the celebrated schools of Europe, for the purpose of improving themselves upon the great models which are there met with. Every facility is afforded them, particularly at Rome, for prosecuting their studies, and for the acquisition of a refined taste in their respective branches of art. It must also be a source of unmingled gratification to every American, to perceive that the talents of our artists are duly appreciated on the other side of the Atlantic. Not long since, Mr. Healy, a gentleman of Boston, received peculiar honors at the hands of Louis Philippe, king of the French, who readily acknowledged and gladly patronized the genius of the young artist, by employing his pencil in executing, for the gallery of the Louvre, the portraits of several distinguished Americans.

Mr. Rembrandt Lockwood, a resident of Baltimore, is another gifted mind now on a visit to Europe for the cultivation of his talents. From a letter recently received in this country, we learn that his extraordinary abilities for the pictorial art have been highly honored in the distinguished circles of Munich, one of the great seats of learning and art at the present day. On the 22d of August, the artists of that city waited on him in a body, and complimented him on his successful efforts, and on the superior talent which he evinced, in the coloring and shading of his pictures, and in the simplicity and elevation of character which he gives to his design. The meeting was of a most interesting description. On the following day Mr. Lockwood was to be honored by a visit from their majesties the king and queen of Bavaria, and the king of Prussia, then in Munich. The king of Bavaria had already seen his paintings, and appeared to be highly gratified. Mgr. Morachini, nuncio of his holiness, who visited the studio of Mr. Lockwood, was also much pleased with the efforts of the American artist, and invited him to breakfast. He likewise promised to furnish him with letters to several of the cardinals at Rome, and to Overbeck the painter, who is at once the head and the glory of his profession in the eternal city. Equally distinguished for his piety and genius, Overbeck seems to reproduce all the expression of Catholic mediœval art, while he decks it off in the more finished style of the present day. His taste and experience will be inestimable advantages to Mr. Lockwood. The nuncio assured Mr. L. of a very kind reception from his holiness, who is the friend and patron of all true science and art, despite the ignorant intimations to the contrary of certain writers in our own latitude, With these precious facilities at his command, we have every reason to believe that Mr. Lockwood will attain to considerable eminence, and will return to his native country, a bright ornament of the honored profession to which he belongs.

Diocess of Pittsburg.—St. Marystown, in the new county of Elk, was laid out little more than a year ago. Two wealthy citizens of Baltimore, Messrs. Benzinger and Eshbach, purchased seventy-two thousand acres of land here, with the laudable design of establishing a colony of German Catholics. St. Marystown is laid out, near the centre of these lands, in the form of an octagon; eight streets encircle the town, and from their eight angles converge as many streets towards a circular "market place," which is a mile in circumference. The town is ten miles in circuit, and covers five thousand acres. Near its centre is the confluence of Elk and Silver creeks, affording good water power, and flowing into the Clarion river at Ridgeway, seven miles below. A flouring mill and two saw mills are already built, and active preparations are making for a furnace, rolling mill, &c. Abundance of iron ore has been found, and nothing is wanting for the enterprise. The entire undertaking is marked with piety, enterprise, and foresight, and, with a blessing from on high, the wishes of its worthy founders will be crowned with merited success.

From one hundred to one hundred and fifty families are already here, and the number is almost

daily swelling. Every settler purchases a town lot and a tract of land of from twenty-five to one hundred acres. He must clear and build upon his town lot first. In addition to his purchase money, he must have a surplus fund sufficient for one or two years' subsistence. Hence the colonists are all above want. Many of them are in very affluent circumstances; a fact that augurs well for the ultimate prosperity of the town.

Their present church, though large and tastefully finished within, is only temporary. A church will soon be commenced, which when built will exceed in size any church in the United States.

The fraternity of *Redemptorists* have a branch of their order here, and a seminary under their direction will be opened as soon as the necessary arrangements can be made. Next spring, a company of some sixty or seventy lay brothers is expected to arrive, and through the zealous exertions of the order, much will be accomplished, which otherwise would seem impossible."—*Cath. Herald.*

Catholic Statistics in the U. States.—From the Metropolitan Catholic Directory for 1846, we learn that, in the U. States and Oregon Territory, there are, one archbishop, twenty-five bishops, even hundred and thirty-six priests, twenty-one ecclesiastical seminaries, two hundred and thirty-eight clerical students, twenty-five literary institutions for young men, of which fifteen are colleges; thirty-six female religious institutions, sixty-three female academies, ninety-seven charitable institutions, and a Catholic population of about one million sixty-two thousand seven hundred. In the apostolic vicariate of Texas there is one bishop, about eight clergymen, and a Catholic population of twenty-thousand.

OBITUARY.

Died, on the 12th of October, at Mount St. Vincent, Youngstown, Pa., Sister Philomena Reid, a member of the order of the Sisters of Mercy.

This order recently established amongst us, has already to lament the death of an excellent sister. Animated with the most ardent zeal, and strictly following the precepts of her divine Master, she left friends and country and came to a distant land, to devote her life to the cause of religion. While her health permitted, she was assiduous in fulfilling the duties of her order; and when the last hour approached, when the limits of existence were but too clearly marked out, she calmly resigned her soul to God, without ever breathing a prayer for recovery. —*Pittsburg Catholic.*

On the 17th of October, at the Orphan Asylum New Orleans, Sister Mary Regis (Young), aged thirty-three years. The deceased was a native of Baltimore, and had been a member of St. Joseph's community eight years. During her protracted sickness, she was an example of those virtues which adorn the character of the perfect Christian.

On the 16th Oct. at Prior Park, England, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Baggs, vic. apostolic of the western district.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Citizen of a Republic. By Ansaldo Ceba. Translated and edited by C. Edwards Lester. New York: Paine and Burgess. 12mo. pp. 190.

We would have noticed this volume in our last number, had we not been unavoidably prevented from examining in time the character of the work and the translation. In our opinion, Mr. Lester has rendered an important service to his countrymen in spreading before them the excellent instruction of the Italian politician. The maxims which are there laid down, are essential, for the most part, to every individual who is called upon to share, even remotely, in the administration or regulation of public affairs. It is unfortunately true that nothing is more universally lost sight of than the observance of the great moral principles which form the character of the useful citizen; and for this reason, if the book before us is read by Americans, and its lessons heeded, it may confer lasting benefits upon the community. It may also be productive of other advantages which we shall merely allude to. Ceba was not an infidel, but a warm admirer of the Catholic religion, and this circumstance, taken in connection with the fact of his having exhibited so thorough a knowledge of republican policy, figured so largely in republican affairs, and written a work which is characterized by the highest political wisdom, should at once suffice to open the eyes of those pretended patriots in this country who are always prating about the danger which threatens our liberties and our institutions in consequence of the progress of Catholicity. The work which Mr. Lester has translated affords abundant evidence to every reflecting mind, that the spirit of Catholicism is fruitful in true republicanism, and it even supposes (p. 30) that the preservation of popular freedom depends, in a great measure, upon the belief and practice of the true religion, which, in Ceba's mind, signified nothing else than Catholicity. Without dwelling, however, upon this topic, which

would lead us too far, we can not but think that the volume before us is capable of putting to the blush all those radical demagogues who, actuated by the hatred of religion, and thirsting for the fortunes of a revolution, are perpetually striving to undermine the governments of Italy. There is no resemblance and there can be no sympathy between the wise and accomplished citizen, as portrayed by Ceba, and the man whose only aim is to plunge his country into a state of anarchy and infidelity. If radicals of this stamp are to be considered the enemies of religion and of social order, it is a pity that they can succeed in obtaining friends in America who suffer themselves to be the dupes of their pompous imposture.

We regret to see so useful a translation as the "Citizen of a republic," disfigured by an introduction which echoes the vulgar prejudices of the age, and lends its influence to the perpetuation of historical error. Mr. Lester, we are convinced, would have at once withdrawn from his preface the objectionable remarks to which we allude, if he had been aware of their utter want of foundation except in certain books which have nothing of history about them save the name. To speak of the "cold formulas" of the church signifies simply that the writer does not understand the forms of ecclesiastical discipline: but, in such a case, the dictate of wisdom would be either to inform oneself upon the subject, or to say nothing about it.

The study of the French simplified, or new elements of the French language methodically displayed in a complete course of progressive practical lessons, &c. By Casimir Ladreyt. New York: H. S. Raynor.

The author of this work, under the impression that the knowledge of the verbs constitutes the most important part of every language, has arranged a book which contains little else of the usual contents of the grammar than the conjugations. The verb occupies the whole space, and the other parts of speech are supposed to follow as a matter of course. Now, though we think that this method of teaching or learning French may be a good one in the abstract, we do not believe that it possesses any advantage over the usual mode: we are rather inclined to the opinion that, considering the system of grammar almost universally pursued in unfolding the elements of a language, this new method, being only subversive of the order generally followed, will tend to produce confusion and embarrassment for the learner. Did it really *simplify* the acquisition of French, it would indeed be preferable; but how can this be the case when it is confined to the conjugation of the verbs? Must not the substantives and their declensions be known just as well as the verbs in order to speak or read French correctly? And if the substantives and pronouns, with their rules; if the principles of syntax and government must all be known, why not give them in the order which is followed by most grammarians, and to which all pupils are accustomed? For this reason we do not understand how the system of Mr. Ladreyt is any simplification of the ordinary method. We grant that it may be a novelty, but it is no improvement.

Chrestomathie de la litterature Francaise, ou morceaux choisis des meilleurs ecrivains Francais, &c. Par Casimir Ladreyt: nouvelle edition. New York: W. E. Deans. 12mo. pp. 355.

Upon the whole, we can not think that the author has been more successful in this compilation than in his elementary work on the French verbs. The collection contains many beautiful extracts from the most distinguished writers of France; but Mr. Ladreyt has interspersed his selections with notices of the authors, which are in some instances very objectionable. We are altogether at a loss to comprehend how he can speak of Voltaire as "a venerable old man who went to Paris to be crowned with honors which no mortal had ever received before him." That Voltaire possessed transcendent talents, there can be no doubt; but this much might be asserted of the devil himself. No man can contemplate the shocking abuse which Voltaire made of his talents, and the innumerable souls whose eternal loss has been caused by his impious and scandalous writings, without looking upon him as the enemy of his race; as a great instrument of evil, not of good; as an individual whose impression upon the age in which he lived, was like that of the plague after having spread desolation and mourning over a whole country. Men of this description are not entitled to praise in a school-book or any other kind of work.

Address delivered before the Tulli-Pheboian society of St. John's Literary institution in Frederick, Md. at the annual commencement, August 5th, 1845. By James H. Bevans, Esq., Frederick.

In this pamphlet the intelligent and patriotic author has given us an interesting outline of our national literature. Mr. Bevans' remarks in reference to the proper standard of criticism are excellent. We should like to have seen, however, in a discourse on the subject of our literature, more specific information, and, at the same time, a strong condemnation of what is so evidently censurable in the writings of our clime, as in those of other regions; we mean the lax principles which are so thoughtlessly circulated in our cheap publications.

Gelobt sey Jesus Christus, ein Gebetbuch für fromme Christen, &c. Baltimore: John Murphy. Pittsburg: G. Quigley. 32mo. pp. 522.

This excellent prayer-book for the use of German Catholics has already received at our hands the praise which it merits. But the new edition here presented to the public has been considerably en-

larged and improved, and, therefore, has an additional claim upon the attention of those who desire to have a comprehensive and well-arranged book of devotions in the German language.

The Student of Blenheim Forest, or the Trials of a Convert. By Mrs. Anna H. Dorsey. Baltimore: J. Murphy. Pittsburg: G. Quigley. 32mo. pp. 544

This original and admirable Catholic tale has at length made its appearance, in a form which must greatly increase its circulation, if its merits are duly appreciated. It abounds with instruction and interesting incidents, which are set off with ornaments of style that can not fail to please. The volume forms an excellent and most appropriate present for the approaching holidays, and will be found useful to the adult as well as to the youthful reader. We again congratulate the accomplished authoress on the little work which she has written, and on the literary honors which she has acquired by this production of her pen.

It is enriched with a fine steel engraving, as a frontispiece, and very handsomely bound.

Mr. Mooney's History of Ireland. Boston.

We perceive, from the Boston papers, that this work has made its appearance, and will reflect honor on the writer. We daily look for its arrival in Baltimore.

Smith's Weekly Volume. Philadelphia, November 19th, 1845.

This number of the *Weekly Volume* is a pretty fair specimen of what some publishers undertake to do now a days in the way of enlightening the world. In one portion of it we find a very sensible review of a work recently issued in this country, containing the remarks of a reverend tourist on every thing he heard and saw during his journey. The reviewer handles the author without gloves, on account of his uncharitableness, and administers an excellent advice to those reverend divines who so easily fall into the sin of condemning and abusing their fellow Christians. But, on turning to another page of the *Weekly Volume*, we discover the following paragraph:

"*The Pope.*—The pope prohibited all his employees from attending the scientific meeting held in September at Naples, and has refused permission to this *congresso* to hold a meeting at Rome; the reason is supposed to be the fear of a too rapid march of intellect. It must be very odd to see a scientific congress in session at Naples, while the priests are performing the miracle of San Gennaro. Two different ages are thus, as it were, brought into juxtaposition—that of light and darkness; two completely opposite states of mind are presented in strong contrast—profound credulity and scientific investigation."

The writer then adds that the pope has also forbidden the construction of rail roads in his dominions, and enacted that no physician shall attend a sick person, who, after the third visit, shall not have received the sacrament. In reading these statements, we are naturally led to ask whether the advice about uncharitableness, which the *Weekly Volume* so ably ministers to certain travelling divines, was supposed to be unnecessary for the observance of *editors*. We never witnessed a more glaring inconsistency between the theory and practice of a critic than in the present instance. We have a long rigmarole on the obligation of Christian charity, and a few pages before we are treated to a string of assertions about the pope, which bear upon the face of them the evidence of absurdity or falsehood. In the first place, were we to ask the editor of the *Weekly Volume* upon what grounds he has ventured to announce that the pope has issued the prohibitions referred to, he could produce no other testimony than mere newspaper report, which every reflecting person must consider insufficient for the founding of an opinion, much more so for the publication of a grave charge against our neighbor. Any person who is acquainted with the principles of the Catholic church, must know that, although she desires her children to receive the life-giving sacrament of the eucharist, and particularly on the eve of their departure from this world, she can not urge them to it by compulsory means, that would expose them to the danger of hypocrisy and profanation. The assertion, therefore, that the pope deprives his subjects of medical aid, unless they receive the holy communion, carries with it its own refutation. In the second place, does the editor of the *Weekly Volume* expect to find credit with the learned and well-informed, when he *supposes* the pope to be alarmed at the rapid march of intellect? For an individual whose learning and education are confined to the reading of novels and newspapers, such an hypothesis may not be very surprising; but a man who pretends even to the slightest knowledge of things as they are, can not believe that the bishop of Rome, the central point of science, literature, and the arts, fears the advancement of learning. Had the editor of the Weekly Volume a little more *science*, and less *credulity;* did he take the trouble to examine the grounds on which the annual miracle of St. Januarius is credited, and not trust the formation of his opinions to a set of mocking infidels or prejudiced tourists, he would perhaps begin to think that they who boast so much about this age of enlightenment, are the very men who need to be enlightened, and that, instead of imputing credulity to others, they ought first to exhibit mind and learning enough themselves for the due investigation of a fact, and not take at second hand the vulgar misrepresentations of it which are circulated by superficial and drivelling writers.

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